

TOMORROW'S WORLD OF ILLUSTRATED ADULT FANTASY!

# 1984

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**EXPLOSIVE  
FIRST  
ISSUE  
SPECIAL**



CORBEN

RETAILERS: See page 83 for Display Allowance Plan.



# REMEMBER THE GOOD OLD DAYS? WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT THEY'D RETURN... IN 1984?

**R**emember the good old days, when you actually looked forward to sneaking away to read the comics?

Remember how it felt to dive into the surrealistic world of Buck Rogers, Flash Gordon and The Shadow? Ah, therein lay true adventure. It was a form of near-sexual ecstasy; a reverie, innocent and untainted by the problems of everyday life. It was a cerebral junk food high, before the terms cerebral, junk food and high became clichés of modern usage.

But then something happened. To the comics. And to us. Suddenly, Flash Gordon spoke of relevance. And the omnipotent Shadow withered under the problems of normal men. Our children grew up overnight, pushing hard to be given adult realities in the playgrounds of their nursery school world. And the comics virtually disappeared, rendered extinct by relevant four-color melodramas that had arisen and laid waste to their once wondrous lands.

We remember those days. All too well. And we mourn for Buck Rogers, the Shadow and their cohorts. But theirs is a time long since gone. And there is no way to recapture what once was.

We grew, too. At least most of us did. And maybe we became a little too old for our childhood heroes. Our goals changed. We became aware of different needs. And through it all, the world seemed to change even faster.

Yet, despite everything, we never lost our urge to escape. More than ever we needed those lost, adventurous worlds. But there simply seemed fewer and fewer of them around.

We, at 1984, are trying to recapture some of the fun of old. We've taken a dash of adventure, a smidgeon of excitement from the golden years of our youth, and mixed it with a healthy dose of relevant irreverence of the day. We've tried to recapture the spirit of a time that didn't take itself as seriously, and mix it with healthy adult speculation of tomorrow.

We've bundled it all in art by the finest craftsmen around. And tied it neatly with the Warren label.

We think the mix is an intelligent and satisfying blend. One that puts the fun back into the funnies.





# 1984

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## ISSUE NUMBER ONE JUNE 1978

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### LAST OF THE GREAT JOY JUICE

The Chinese started it. They zapped us with sterilization bombs. And American men wailed as their masculine attributes withered away. But we showed them commie rats. We got them in the end!

16

### SAGA OF HONEYDEW MELONS

The professor had a wonderful machine. It looked exactly like a man. But the sex-starved miners didn't need another man. So the professor made an adjustment. And it drove the miners insane!

24

### ONCE UPON CLARISSA

Poor Clarissa. So clumsy. First there was the accident with the runaway trains. Then the mishap with the drunken surgeon's blade. Soon, there wasn't much anyone could do . . . but stick Clarissa in little jars!

32

### QUICK CUT

A thousand-thousand years had passed since mankind had bathed itself in the numbing fire-rains. There was no radiation. No ill-effects. Society was still split into two irascibly distinct groups. The Halves. And the Half-nots!

38

### THE SAGA OF XATZ AND XOTZ

They came. From infinite corners of the universe. And landed amidst the rubble of a freshly dead world. Why, they wondered, was this fertile land destroyed? Then they found the answer!

39

### BUGS

So there we were. Cruising the backroads of the stars. In Earth's first intergalactic probe. Then we saw them. Three unidentified craft. All with their hatches opened to greet us. And rows of glistening metal teeth waiting eagerly within!

43

### MUTANT WORLD

Dimento was hungry. But then, so was every other survivor of the world-wide industrial holocaust. And there simply was no remaining food. None, that is . . . save for that scrumptious-looking girl, strolling down the lane!

51

### FASTER THAN LIGHT

It was all very scientific, really. Professor Elias Newton Zong had simply perfected the art of faster-than-light travel. How, you may well ask? He merely built a better, though more compact wheel!

63

### ANGEL

She was just a baby when they dropped the bombs. But she was safe. Protected from the savage outside world by the holy men in the monastery. As they raised her, they taught her everything. Things you wouldn't expect holy men to know!

75

### MOMMA CAN YOU HEAR ME?

His name was Cole Steel. Half of him was man. The other half, machine. Once, years ago, he had been dully normal. That was before the night the Altarian slime beast had half of him for dinner!



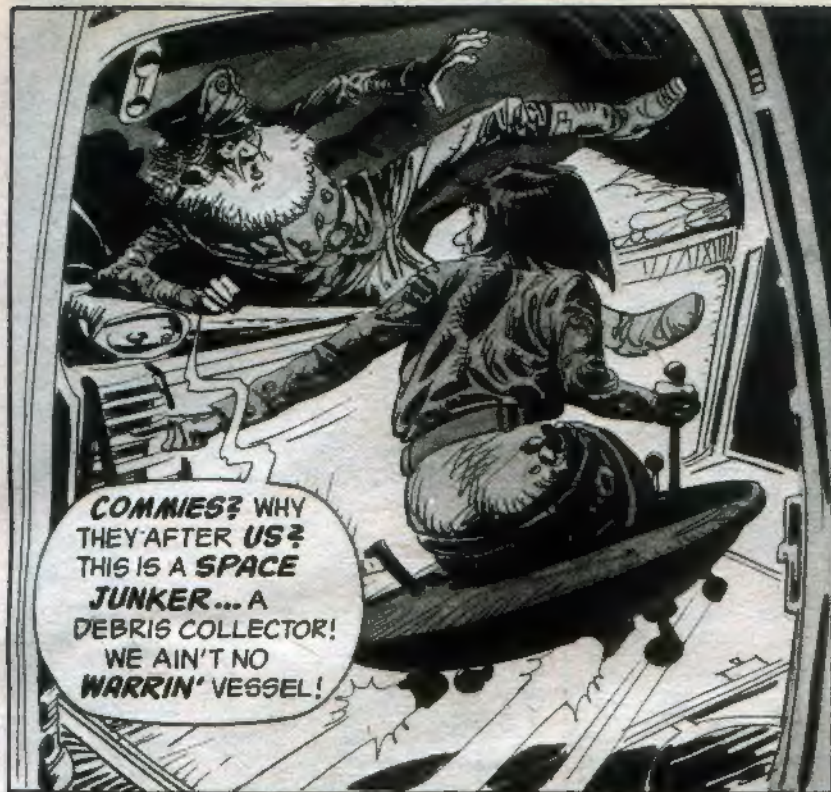
LOOK **ALIVE**, YA  
WAD A'DRIED-UP  
JIZZUM.

THERE'S A  
COMMIE **WARSHIP**  
CHASING THIS  
FLOATING  
JUNKYARD!



**LAST OF THE REALLY GREAT,  
ALL-AMERICAN JOY JUICE**





COMMIES? WHY THEY AFTER US? THIS IS A **SPACE JUNKER**... A DEBRIS COLLECTOR! WE AIN'T NO **WARRIN'** VESSEL!



IF MY GUESS IS RIGHT, THEY'VE GOTTEN WIND OF OUR **SECRET CARGO**!

YOU MEAN THAT STOREROOM FULL'A 'VAPORATED' **SAUERKRAUT JUICE** WE'RE CARTIN' T' THE DUMPS?

WHY IN'NA HELL WOULD THEY CHASE US ALL THE WAY OUT HERE FOR **THAT**?



MAYBE THEY'RE **THIRSTY**... WHO KNOWS!?

STOP ASKING FOOLISH QUESTIONS, SPUNKY, AND **ARM THE BLASTERS!**

UNLESS WE MOVE OUR DEAD ENDS WE'RE GOING TO BE JUST TWO MORE NAMELESS **CASUALTIES** IN EARTH'S **FINAL WAR!**

W-WAR!?



**HOLD IT A GODDAMN MINUTE, YA PECKERLESS EXCUSE FER A MAN!**

I DON'T KNOW NOTHIN' 'BOUT NO **WAR!**

THAT'S BECAUSE **THEY** DIDN'T **WANT** YOU TO KNOW!



BUT...I GUESS THERE'S **NO** WAY WE CAN KEEP IT FROM YOU WITH THOSE **STARFIGHTERS** BEATING DOWN OUR **ASS!**

SO COME ON, SPUNKY...**MAN** THAT CANNON AND **DEFEND** YOURSELF!





JEEZUS, JOHNNY!  
YOU AIN'T SHITTIN'!  
THEY'S OUT FER  
BLOOD!

BODA-BODA-BODA-BAKK



BDDDM!

PAKKA-PAKKA

BUT THEY AIN'T  
GONNA GIT NONE'A  
THAT B'LONGIN' T'CAPTAIN  
SPUNKY BOLT!

ATTAWAY,  
SPUNKO!



BDOOM

PAKKA-PAKKA-PAKKA-

LAND! LOOKIT 'EM  
ALL! THAT MUST BE A  
HELLAVA WAR BREWIN'  
BACK HOME!



OH, IT IS, SPUNKY!  
IT IS!

BDOOO!

PAKK-PAKKA

WHO TH'HELL WE  
FIGHTIN' BOY...THE  
CHINKS OR THE  
RUSKIES?



LAST I HEARD  
IT WAS US AGAINST  
THE SQUINTS!

BUT THOSE DON'T  
LOOK MUCH LIKE  
GLANTS OUT THERE!

CHKKA-CHKKA-CHKKA

OH LAND,  
JOHNNY  
THEY'S...  
WIMMEN!



W-WE'RE AT  
WAR WITH  
**WIMMEN?**

WHAT TH'HELL  
KINDA WAR  
IS THIS?

BAKKA-BAKKA

BAKKA

IF IT'S COME  
TO THIS, YOU CAN  
BET YOUR ASS  
IT'S THE  
**LAST ONE.**

IF WE'RE FIGHTING  
THE FAIRER SEX, IT  
MUST MEAN THERE  
ARE NO **MEN** LEFT  
TO FIGHT!

BOOOOOO!

BAKKA-BAKKA-BAKKA

YOU BETTER START  
'**SPLAININ'**, JOHNNY  
BOY! IF AH'M GONNA  
GET M' PECKER SHOT  
OFF... AH WANNA AT  
LEAST KNOW THE  
REASON **WHY!**

I DON'T KNOW  
HOW IT CAME TO  
**THIS**, SPUNK! BUT  
IT STARTED WHEN  
THE REDS LAUNCHED  
THEIR **STERILIZATION**  
**NUKES** STRAIGHT INTO  
THE HEART OF  
AMERICA!

WHADOON!

WITHIN A WEEK,  
THE ENTIRE MALE  
POPULATION OF THE  
U.S.A. WAS **DRIER**  
THAN A USED-UP  
NYMPH!

A WEEK AFTER THE  
COUNTRY'S SPERM COUNT  
DIPPED BELOW ZERO,  
THERE WAS A CRY HEARD  
NATIONWIDE...! EVERY  
**BAZONG** IN THE COUNTRY  
**WITHERED** AND  
**DROPPED!**

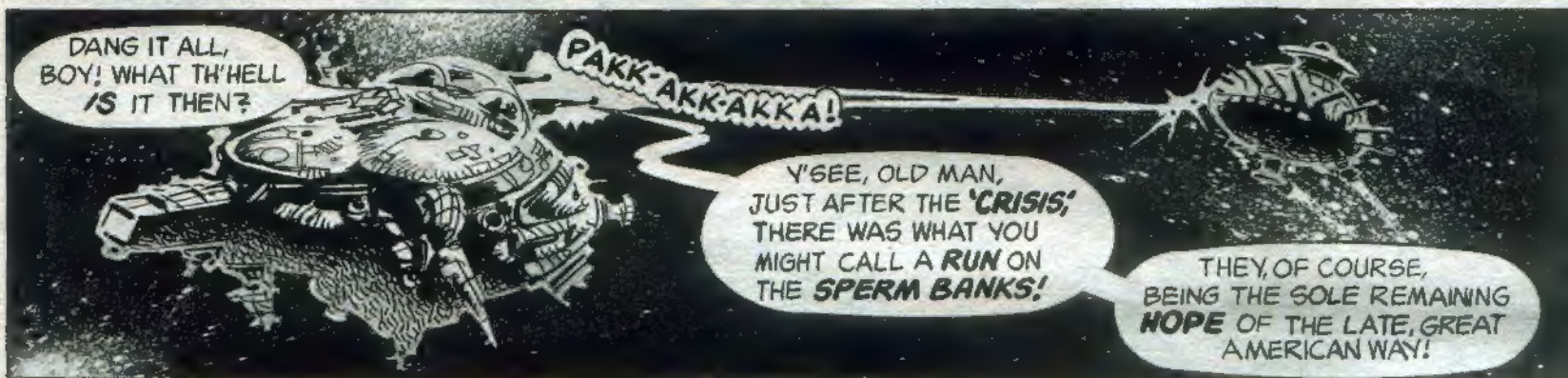
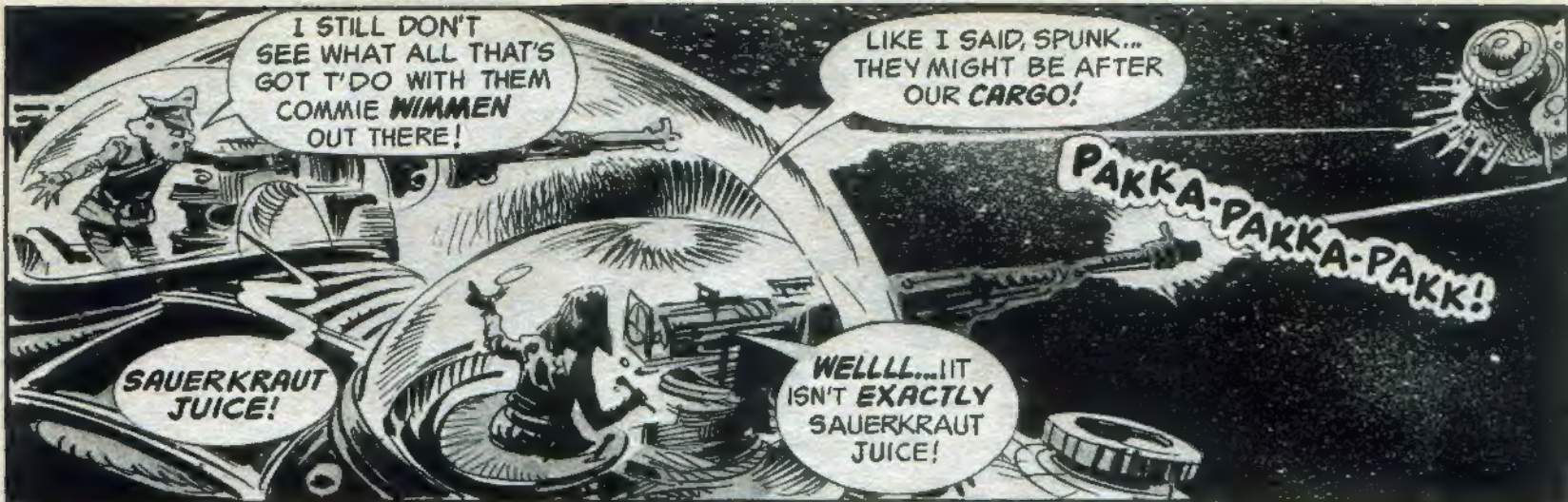
THE REDS  
FIGURED TO  
IMMOBILIZE  
OUR MANPOWER  
BY SIMPLE,  
EFFECTIVE  
**CASTRATION.**

BUT THEIR PLAN  
WORKED **TOO WELL!** THE  
IMPOTENT LITTLE NIP  
WHO DEVISED THE  
NUKES, FIGURING THEY  
MIGHT NOT BE POTENT  
**ENOUGH**, ADDED AN EXTRA  
SQUIRT OF HIS  
STERILIZATION SAUCE TO  
EVERY WARHEAD!

A MONTH AFTER  
THEY HIT, EVERY MAN  
IN AMERICA AWOKE  
TO FIND WHAT WAS  
LEFT OF HIS LOWER  
EXTREMITIES AS  
**SHRIVELED** AS A  
**DEHYDRATED**  
**PRUNE!**

I'LL BE DAMNED,  
JOHNNY! THEN YOU  
**LIED** T'ME 'BOUT BEIN'  
MOLESTED BY A  
MADWOMAN WITH  
A MEAT AXE!









'BOUT TIME YOU  
CAME TO, OLD MAN!

OH GOD... AH  
DONE DIED  
AN WENT T'  
HELL!



WE WAS JUST  
INSPECTIN' OUR  
BOOTY!

THAT AIN'T NO  
BOOTY, LADY... THAT'S  
MAH PERSON!

AN' AH SUGGEST  
YOU LEAVE IT BE OR  
I'LL WRING YER SCRAWNY  
COMMIE NECK!



COMMIES? OH,  
YOU FUNNY MAN!  
WE'RE NOT COMMIES!  
THERE AIN'T NO  
COMMIES  
LEFT!

WE DONE **BLASTED**  
THEM WITH OUR  
**APATHY BOMBS**  
AND THEY AIN'T A'  
ONE 'A THEM WHAT  
AIN'T GOT HIS  
**BRAINS** LEAKIN'  
OUTTA HIS EARS!

WE'RE ON YOUR  
SIDE, L'IL DAHLIN'...!  
WE'S JUST YO' TYPICAL  
**LOVE-STARVED**  
'MERICAN FEMALES.

AN' WE'VE COME  
T' TAKE YOU 'WAY FROM  
ALL THIS! **HEH! HEH!**  
**HEH!**

LOOK,  
GIRLS... ISN'T  
IT **CUTE!**

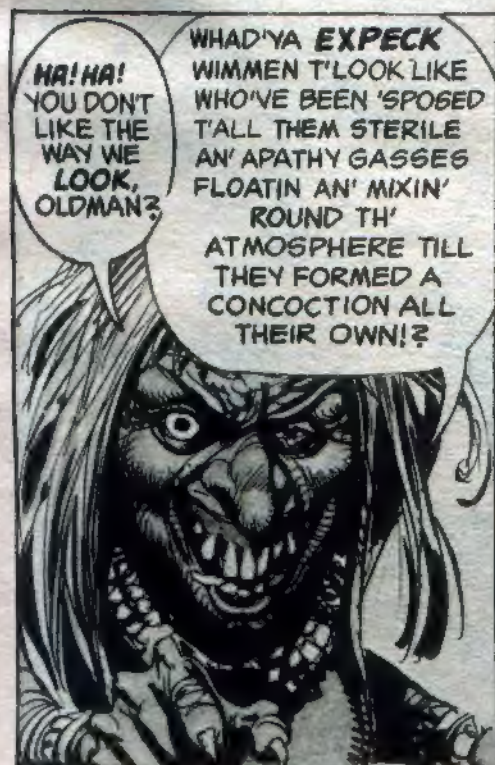
OH LAWD!



WE CAME HERE  
'SPECTIN' T' FIND A  
FLOATIN' **SPERM BANK!**  
'STEAD WE GET YOU...  
THE **REAL THING!**

I GET  
**FIRST DIBBIES!**

YA BUCK-TOOTHED  
JIZZUM-EATERS! TOUCH  
ME AN' YA **DIE!**



HA! HA!  
YOU DONT  
LIKE THE  
WAY WE  
LOOK,  
OLDMAN?

WHAD'YA **EXPECK**  
WIMMEN T'LOOK LIKE  
WHO'VE BEEN 'SPOSED  
T'ALL THEM STERILE  
AN' APATHY GASSES  
FLOATIN AN' MIXIN'  
ROUND TH'  
ATMOSPHERE TILL  
THEY FORMED A  
CONCOCTION ALL  
THEIR OWN!?



WE MAY NOT BE  
AS **IG'NRANT** AS  
THEM ORIENTAL  
BEAUTIES...

... NOR AS **STERILE** AS  
OUR OWN 'MERICAN MEN...  
WHO WITH TH'GRACE A GOD  
AND A **ROLLER SKATE**  
ARE DOWN THERE BURYIN'  
THE HALVES 'A THEMSELVES  
WHAT WITHERED AWAY!

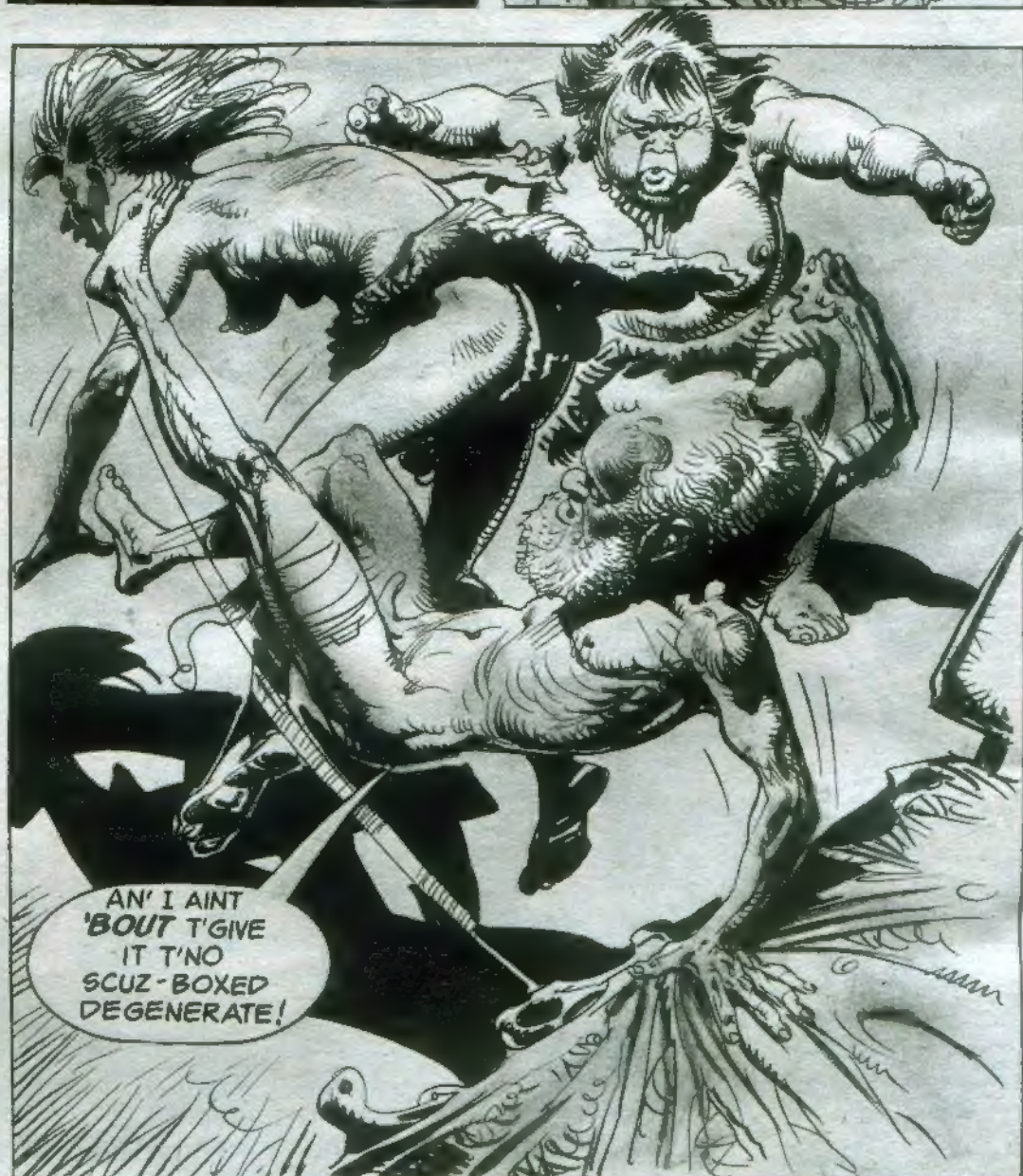


BUT WE GOT  
**NEEDS** THAT NEED  
TENDIN', OLD MAN...!  
AN' WHETHER YOU  
DONE RESOLVED  
YO'SELF TO IT OR  
NOT...

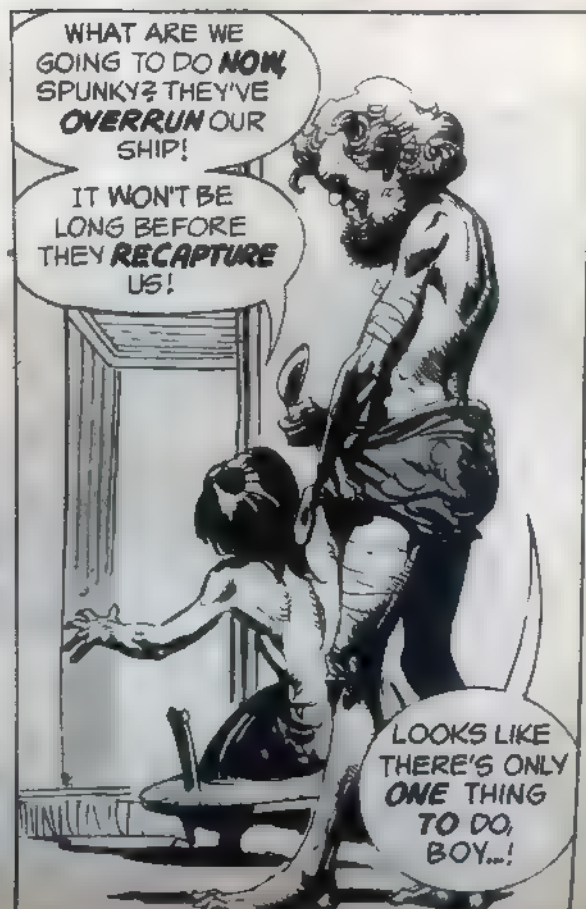
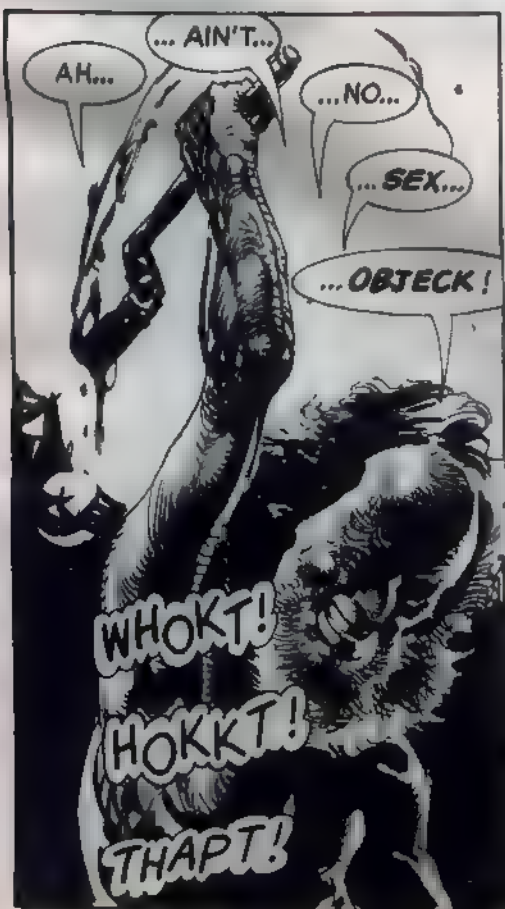
... YOU GONNA BE  
THE BRAND NEW  
**FATHER 'A OUR**  
COUNTRY!

NO...!  
**NOOD!**











... GIT T' THAT  
LOAD'A FREEZE DRIED  
JOY JUICE...



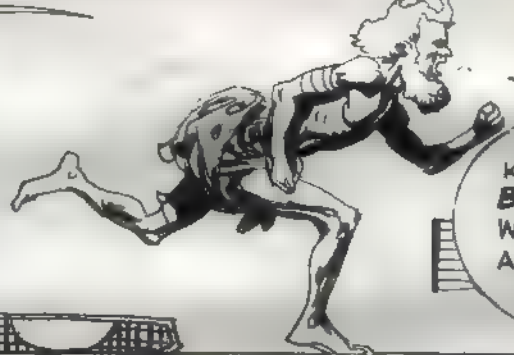
HAH!

... AN' KEEP IT  
OUTTA TH' HANDS  
A' THESE RUTTIN'  
WHIP-EATERS!

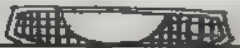


URK!

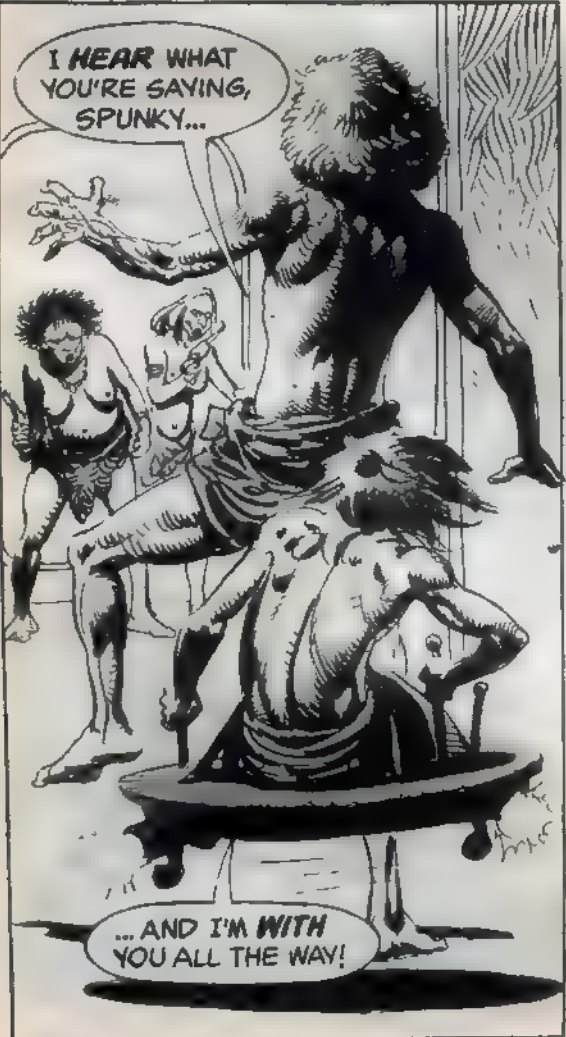
WAYAH FIGGERS IT...  
THE LATE GREAT 'MERICAN  
WAY IS BEST LEFT T' THE  
REMEMBRANCES A' HISTORY  
THAN T' THE FATE THESE  
CRAB-PLUCKERS GOT  
IN STORE FOR IT!



ONCE THEY USE THAT  
KICKAPOO JOY JUICE T'  
BLOAT THEMSELVES  
WITH YOUNGUNS... THEY  
AIN'T NO TELLIN' WHAT  
KIND'A 'BOMINATIONS  
THEY'LL BIRTH!



I HEAR WHAT  
YOU'RE SAYING,  
SPUNKY...



... AND I'M WITH  
YOU ALL THE WAY!

BUT I'VE GOT THIS NAGGING  
FEELING IT'S NOT GOING TO  
BE EASY GETTING TO  
THAT STOREROOM!



BIAT! PZAPP!

SHEEEET!  
EASIER'N EATIN'  
PICKLED POSSUM  
GIZZARDS, BOY!



PTANG!

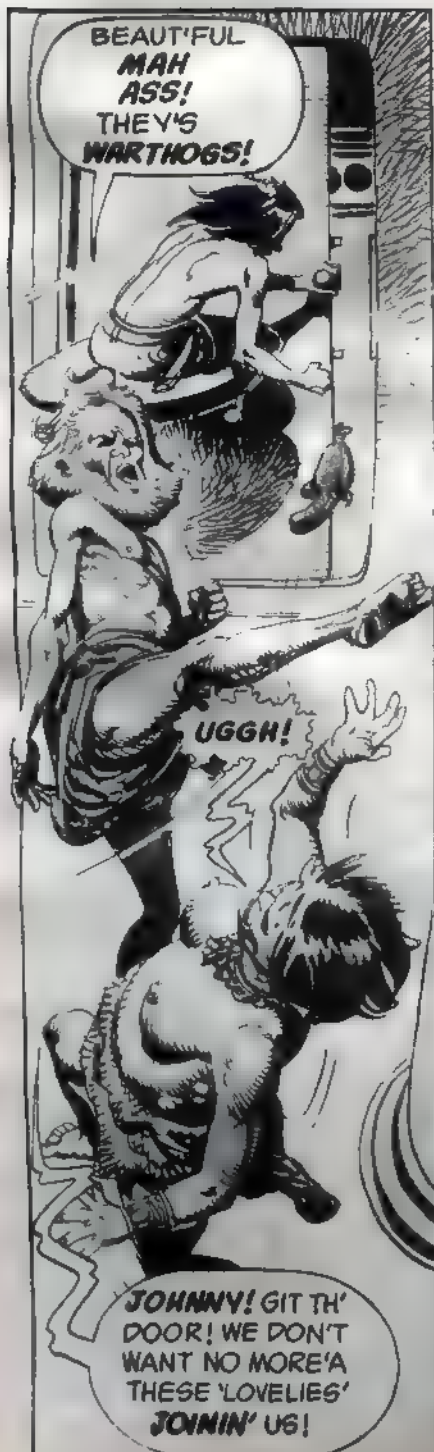
LOOKIT THAT!  
IT'S AS OPEN AS  
VIRGIN  
HAIRPIE!

GANGG!

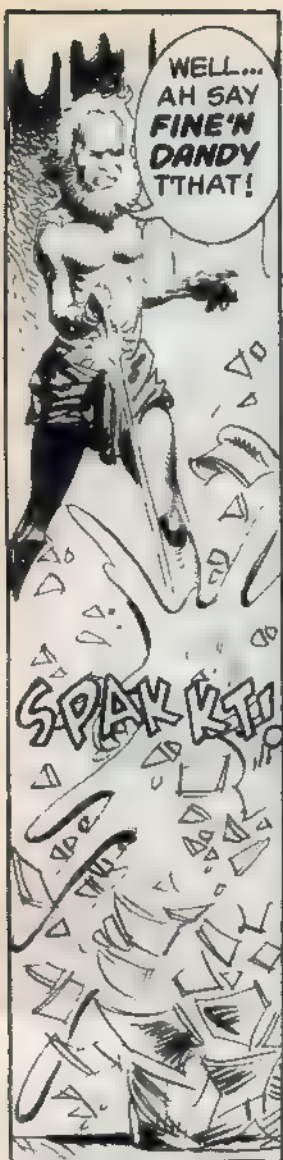
PTANG!

TWAK!









WELL...  
AH SAY  
**FINE'N  
DANDY  
TTHAT!**

**SPAK KT!**



BUT LET'S HAVE  
NO MORE **BLACKS!**  
NO MO' **WHITES!** NO  
MO' **CHINESE,**  
**HISPANIC OR**  
**INDIAN!**



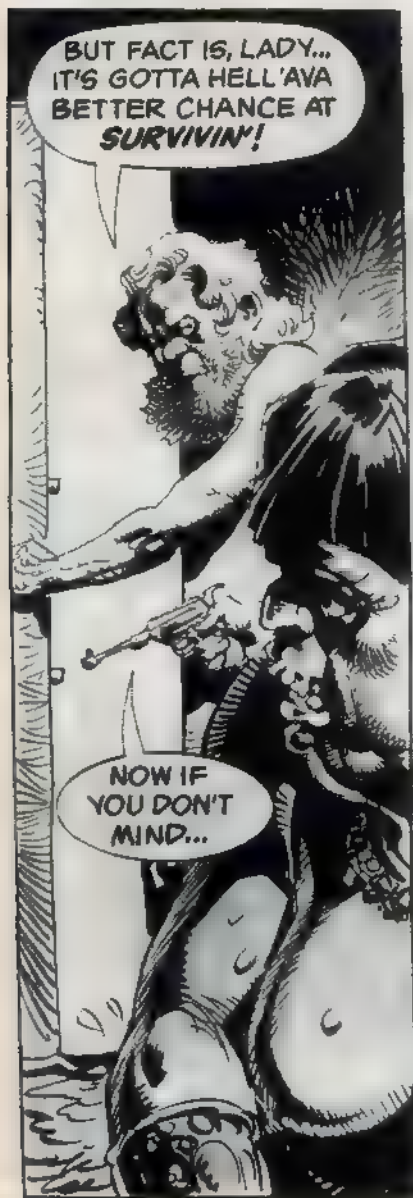
LES JUST  
**JUMBLE**  
'EM ALL  
**T'GETHER!**

AN MAYBE...JUST **MAYBE**  
WE WON'T HAVE A'WORLD WHAT'LL  
**DESTROY** ITSELF AGAIN OVER  
**PETTY DIFFERENCES!**



'COURSE WITH **YOU**  
AS THE MOMMA...AN'  
THIS **MULLIGAN** SLUGH  
AS OL' PAW...TH' HUMAN  
RACE MIGHT NOT COME  
OUT AS **PURTY** AS ME  
AN' JOHNNY HERE...!

**N-NOOO!**



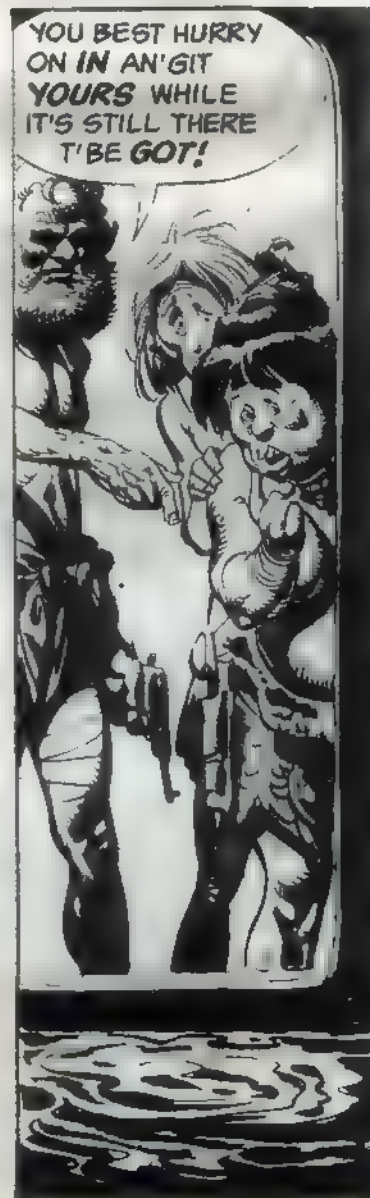
BUT FACT IS, LADY...  
IT'S GOTTA HELL'AVA  
BETTER CHANCE AT  
**SURVIVIN'!**

NOW IF  
YOU DON'T  
MIND...

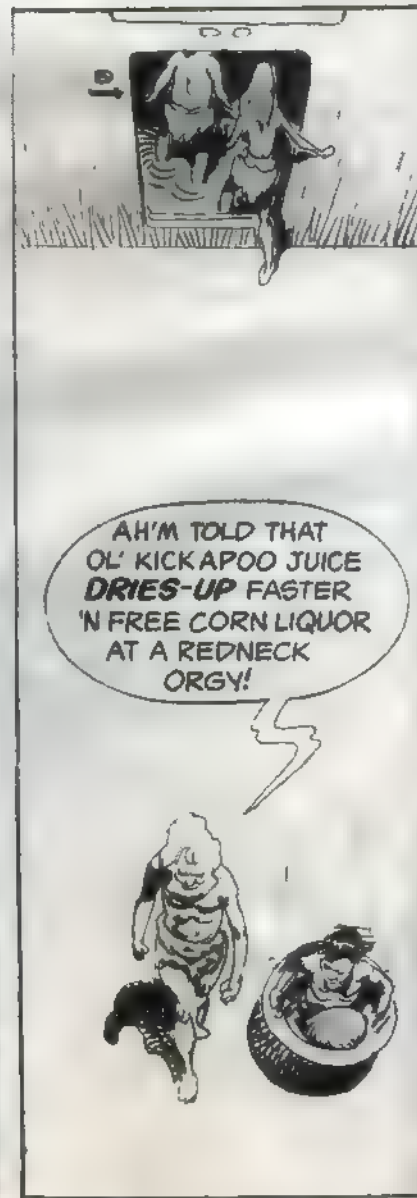


...WE'RE GONE!  
TAKE OUR LEAVE  
A'THE '**HUMAN**  
**RACE!**

OH, 'SCUSE ME,  
LADIES...! AH DIDN'T  
RE'LIZE TH'LINE WAS  
ALREADY STARTIN'  
T'FORM!



YOU BEST HURRY  
ON IN AN'GIT  
**YOURS** WHILE  
IT'S STILL THERE  
T'BE GOT!

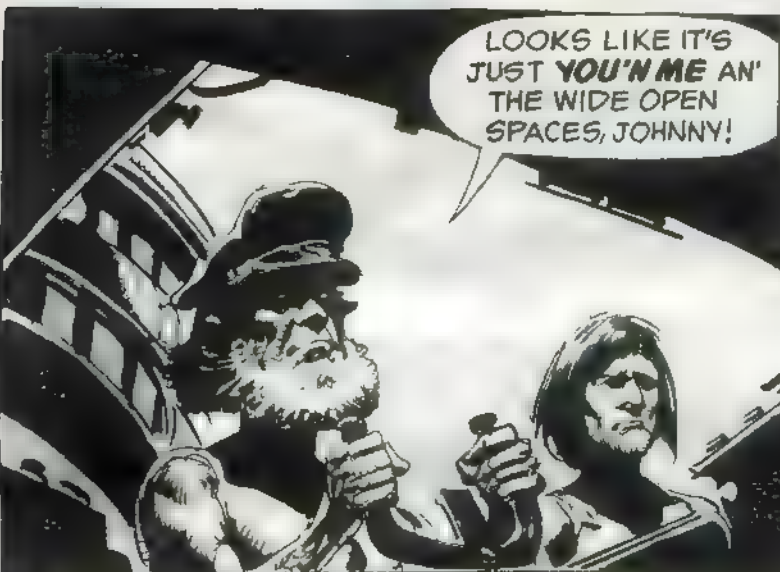


AH'M TOLD THAT  
OL' KICKAPOO JUICE  
**DRIES-UP** FASTER  
'N FREE CORN LIQUOR  
AT A REDNECK  
ORGY!

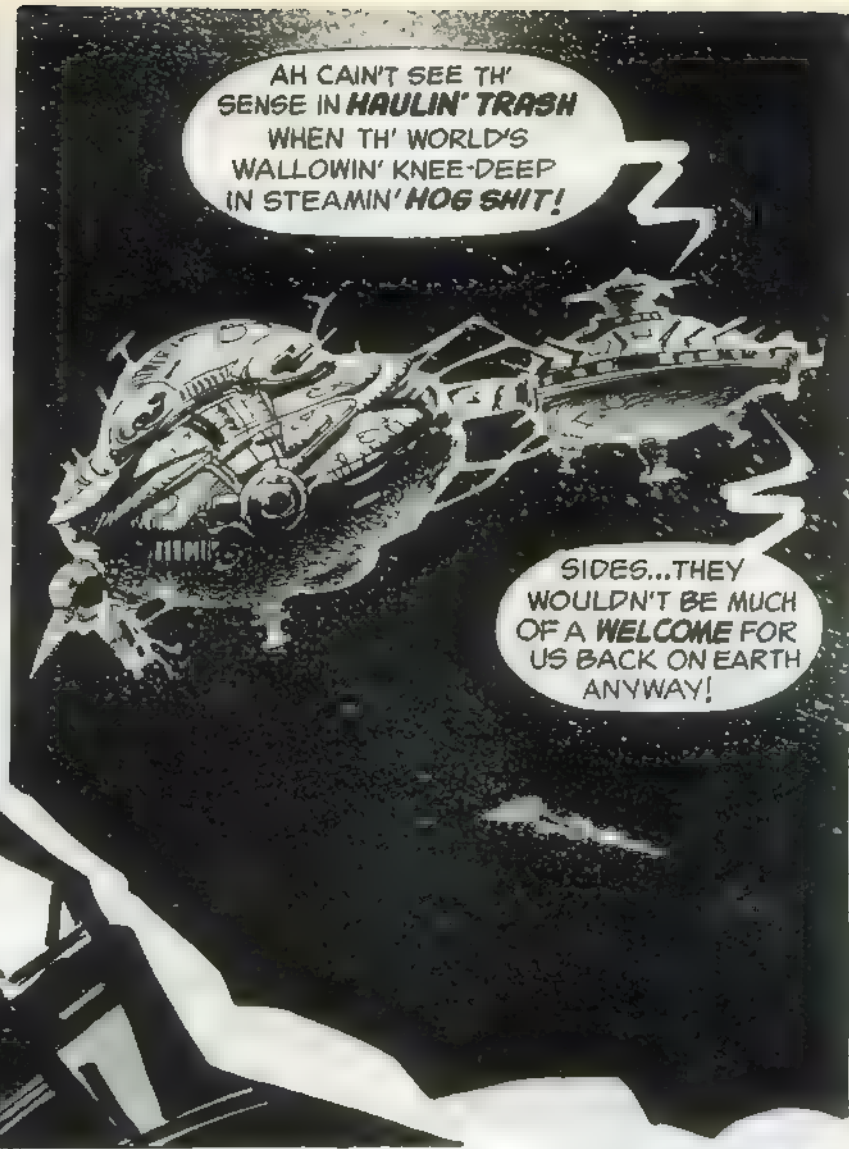




WELL, JOHNNY  
BOY...LOOKS LIKE  
M'GARBAGE CARTIN'  
DAYS IS **OVER!**



LOOKS LIKE IT'S  
JUST **YOU'N ME** AN'  
THE WIDE OPEN  
SPACES, JOHNNY!



AH CAINT SEE TH'  
SENSE IN **HAULIN' TRASH**  
WHEN TH' WORLD'S  
WALLOWIN' KNEE-DEEP  
IN STEAMIN' **HOG SHIT!**

SIDES...THEY  
WOULDN'T BE MUCH  
OF A **WELCOME** FOR  
US BACK ON EARTH  
ANYWAY!



BY THE WAY...I  
EVER TELL YA WHAT  
**PURTY EYES** YOU  
HAVE?



HERE THEY WERE. THE DRESS OF THE DRESS. LOUD, ROUDY. CLAMORING FOR PHYSICAL PLEASURES THAT WERE ALL BUT **NON-EXISTENT** IN THE HARSH BUT RICH ASTEROID BELT. THEY WERE **MINERS** TO THE LAST MAN. LURED TOGETHER BY THEIR MUTUAL LUST FOR... **WEALTH!**

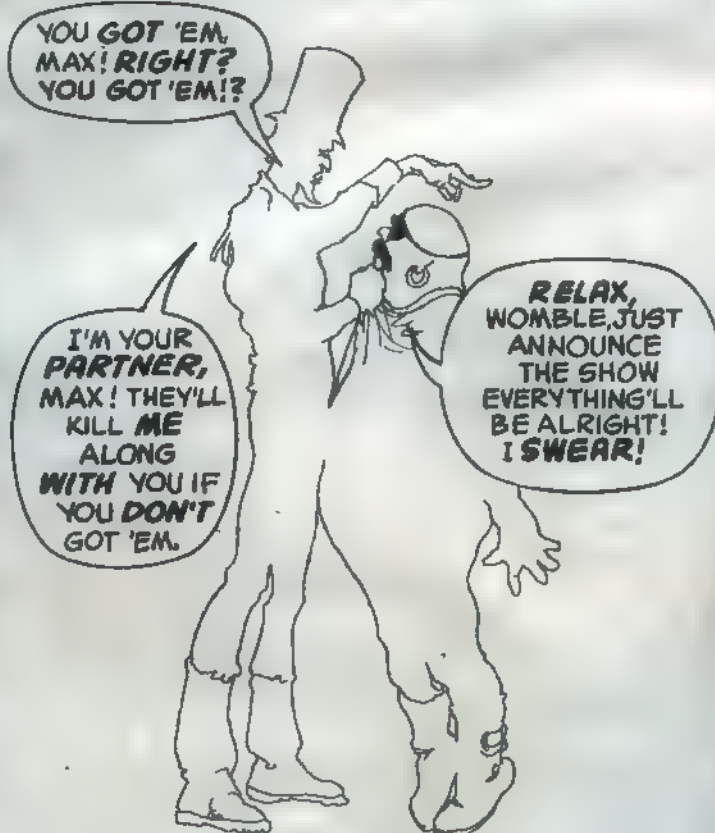
HERE AT THE **VACUUM PUMP**, THE SOLE NIGHT SPOT AND WATERING HOLE, THEY SOUGHT **REFUGE** FROM THEIR DREARY, DRUDGERY-FILLED LIVES.

IT WAS HERE THAT THE LEGEND OF **HONEYDEW MELONS** WAS BIRTHED... THAT TERRIBLE NIGHT SOME TEN YEARS PAST. THEY STILL SPEAK IN WHISPERS OF THE HORRORS SEEN THEN. OF **HONEY**. AND **EDDIE**. AND **MAXWELL** THE DAMNED.

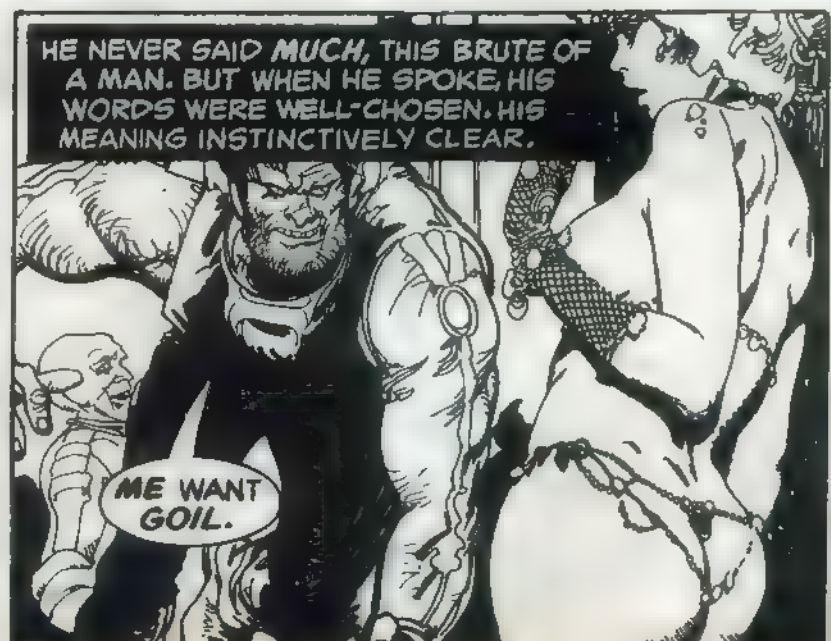
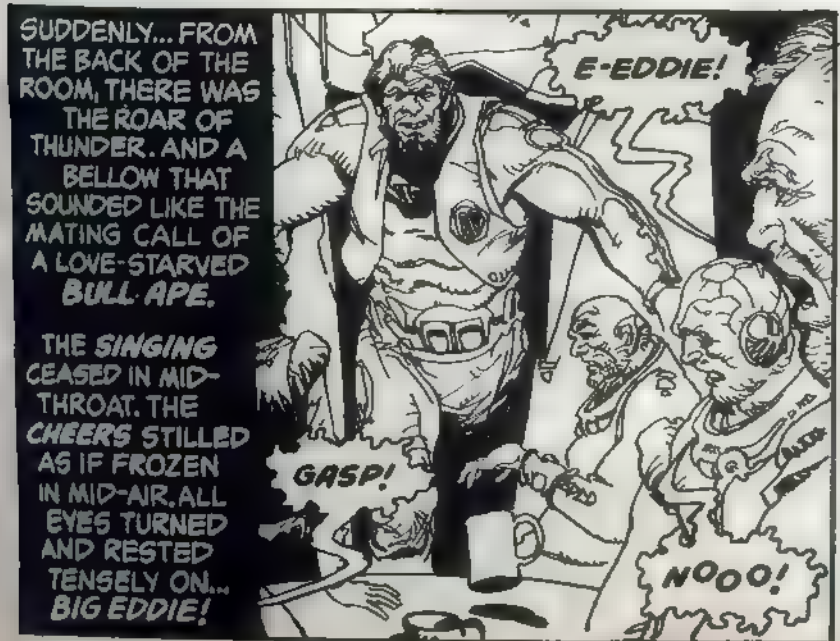
# THE SAGA OF HONEYDEW MELONS



**MAXWELL BYDERBECK** WAS THE MOST **DESPISED** TRADER IN THE SPACEWAYS, THEN. A PROVIDER OF THE FORBIDDEN, A PROCURER OF THE ILLEGAL AND THE IMMORAL... HE WAS, NONETHELESS, A MAN OF **PRINCIPLE**.











YOU PRETTY!

YOU FOR BIG EDDIE!

NOT SO FAST, BIG FELLA. I'D LIKE TO KNOW MORE ABOUT YOU. WHAT ARE YOUR HOBBIES? YOUR FAVORITE FILMS? DO YOU LIKE TRAVEL?



TALK TOO MUCH. YOU COME.

GLAH!

THAT'S WHAT I LIKE. A MAN WHO COMES RIGHT TO THE POINT.

THE REST FOR EVERYBODY!



WOULD YOU COME HOME AND MEET MY MOTHER, AT LEAST?

YAHOO!

LET'S GET 'EM.

MINE! MINE!



BUT...AS WAS THE CASE EVERYTIME BIG EDDIE CLAIMED A GIRL... THE REMAINING MINERS WERE DOOMED TO DISAPPOINTMENT!

WHAT THE...? THEY AIN'T REAL!

THEY...THEY'S HOLOGRAMS!

WOMBLE'S TRICKED US.

LET'S PULVERIZE THE BUGGER!



YOU CROOK! ONLY THE LEAD GIRL WAS A GIRL. YOU USED HOLOS...

...3-D LIGHT IMAGES FOR THE REST!



I... I HAD TO WOMBLE! GIRLS IN THEIR RIGHT MINDS WOULDN'T COME NEAR THEM MINERS... OR THIS ASTEROID!

TELL YOU WHAT... I'LL ONLY CHARGE YOU HALF FOR THE HOLOS!

YOU WON'T LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO CHARGE ME NOTHIN'! GRAB A HELMET AN' HEAD FOR THE DOOR!

GIT 'EM!

THERE THEY ARE!

MASH TH' MOTHERS!





WHEW!  
THAT WAS A  
CLOSE ONE,  
WASN'T IT,  
WOMBLE?



WOMBLE!?

OMIGOSH!... I  
SLAMMED THE DOOR  
ON HIM! HE'S... HE'S  
STILL IN THERE WITH  
THAT... MOB!

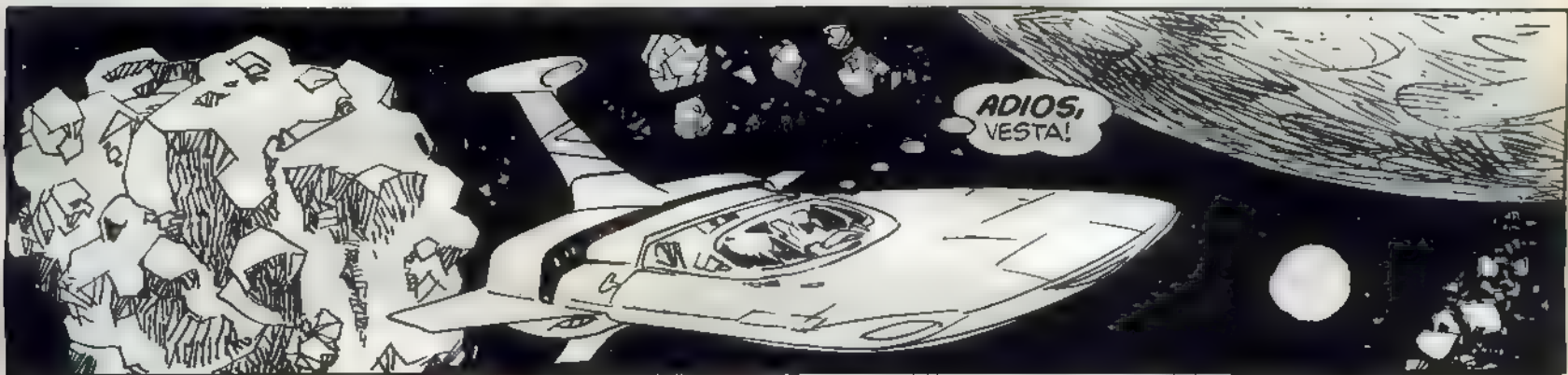
YOU DESERTER...  
I'LL GET YOU  
FOR THIS--!  
OWWWWWN!

BAP  
POW!  
OOOF!



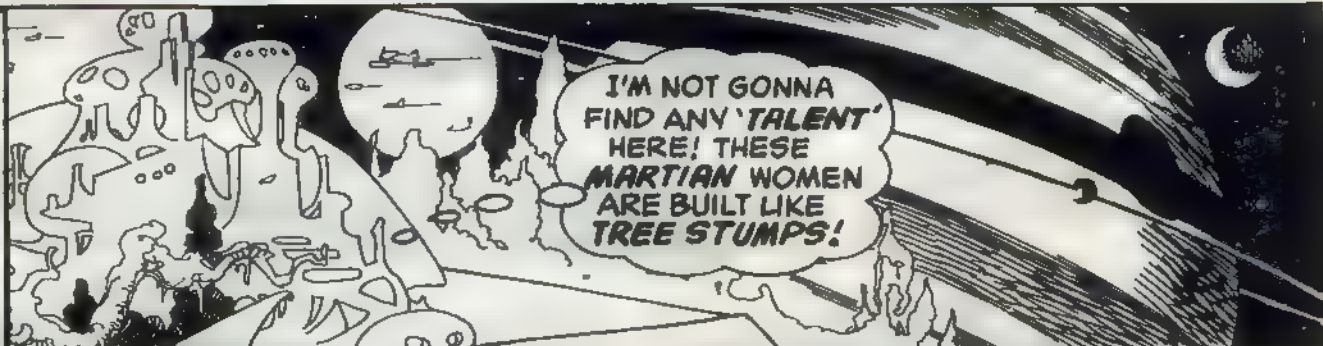
POOR WOMBLE!  
MY HEART BLEEDS  
FOR THE GUY! BUT  
TO INSURE I DON'T  
BLEED TOO MUCH...

...I'D BEST PUT  
A FEW MILLION MILES  
TWIXT ME AND THAT  
MOB!

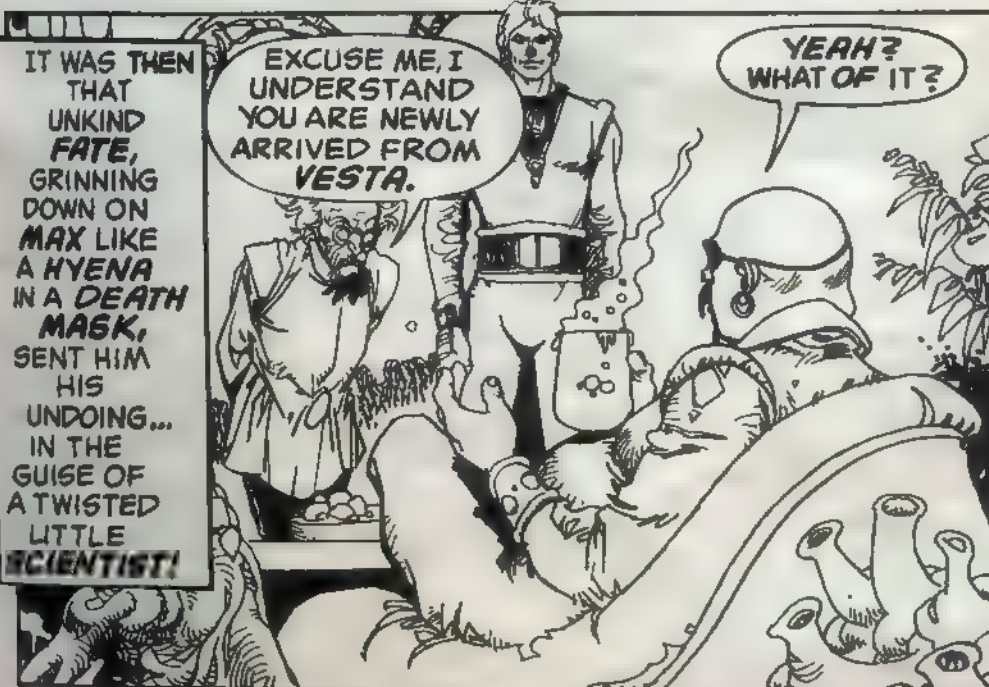


ADIOS,  
VESTA!

SO THERE HE WAS.  
MAX. THE SOLE  
PROPRIETOR OF  
THE VACUUM PUMP!  
IN ABSENTIA! AND...  
WITHOUT THE PROPER  
FLOOR SHOW TO  
PLACATE THE HOT-  
TEMPERED MINERS, HE  
WAS DESTINED TO FOR-  
EVER REMAIN... ABSENT!



I'M NOT GONNA  
FIND ANY 'TALENT'  
HERE! THESE  
MARTIAN WOMEN  
ARE BUILT LIKE  
TREE STUMPS!



IT WAS THEN  
THAT  
UNKIND  
FATE,  
GRINNING  
DOWN ON  
MAX LIKE  
A HYENA  
IN A DEATH  
MASK,  
SENT HIM  
HIS  
UNDOING...  
IN THE  
GUISE OF  
A TWISTED  
LITTLE  
SCIENTIST!

EXCUSE ME, I  
UNDERSTAND  
YOU ARE NEWLY  
ARRIVED FROM  
VESTA.

YEAH?  
WHAT OF IT?



I AM  
PROFESSOR  
PALEVSKY  
AND THIS IS  
LX-3... THE  
MOST PERFECT  
ANDROID IN  
CREATION!

TH... THAT'S  
A ROBOT?



H-HE'S SO  
LIFELIKE!

PRECISELY. AND  
HANDY, TOO! HE CAN  
DO THE WORK OF  
TWENTY MINERS!

I'D LIKE TO TAKE  
HIM TO VESTA... TO SEE  
IF THE MINING COMPANIES  
CAN USE A DOZEN MORE  
LIKE HIM!

YOU KNOW PROFESSOR,  
IF YOU TAKE THAT  
ANDROID TO VESTA,  
THE MINERS WILL CUT  
HIM... AND YOU INTO  
ITSY PIECES!

THEY WON'T LIKE  
BEING REPLACED...  
BY A MACHINE!

YOU MAY BE RIGHT,  
SIR... BUT WHAT DO  
YOU SUGGEST?

TELL YA WHAT,  
PROFESSOR...! MAYBE  
YOU CAN REBUILD LX-3,  
A LITTLE, Y'KNOW...!

NOW IF HE WERE  
JUST A LITTLE SHORTER...  
AND HAD A FEW  
CURVES--!

HMMMN!  
I THINK I SEE  
WHAT YOU  
MEAN!

WEEKS PASSED BEFORE IT  
WAS AGAIN SHOWTIME ON  
VESTA! A TIME FOR FEMALES  
OR FISTICUFFS!

I HOPE THIS  
WORKS, PROFESSOR!  
THEY LOOK EVEN  
UGLIER THAN BEFORE.

I SURE WISH  
WOMBLE WERE  
STILL AROUND T'  
TAKE THE BLA-!  
HUHH!

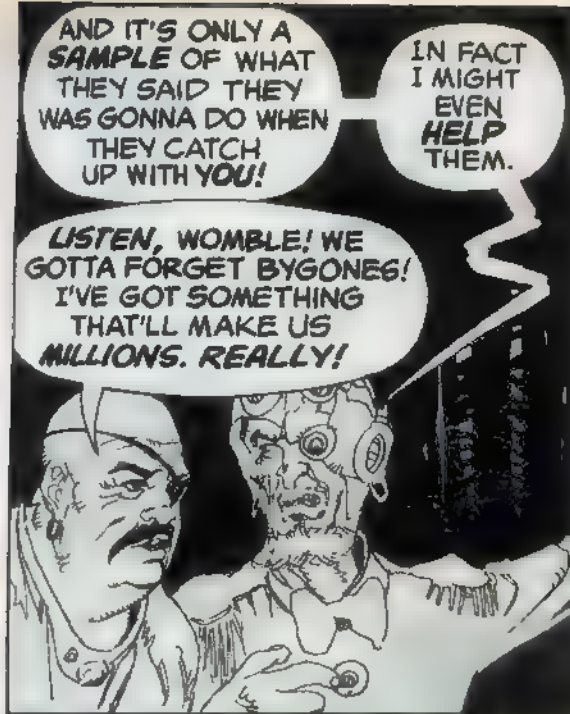
TO TAKE THE  
WHAT, YOU  
YELLOW-TAILED  
DESERTIN' CREEP?  
THE BLAME IF  
SOMETHING GOES  
WRONG?

WOMBLE?  
Y-YOU'RE ALIVE!?

NO THANKS  
TO YOU!

THOSE ROCK  
CHOMPERS MANGLED  
ME GOOD.

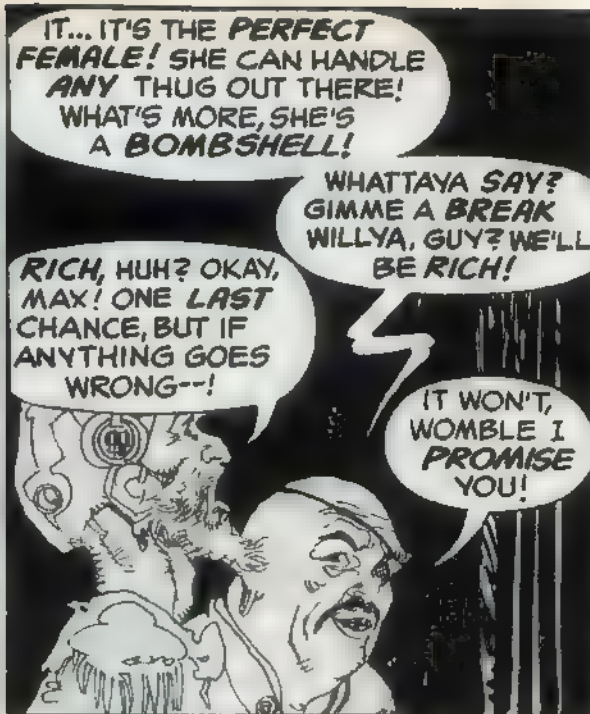




AND IT'S ONLY A **SAMPLE** OF WHAT THEY SAID THEY WAS GONNA DO WHEN THEY CATCH UP WITH YOU!

IN FACT I MIGHT EVEN **HELP** THEM.

**LISTEN, WOMBLE!** WE GOTTA FORGET BYGONES! I'VE GOT SOMETHING THAT'LL MAKE US **MILLIONS. REALLY!**

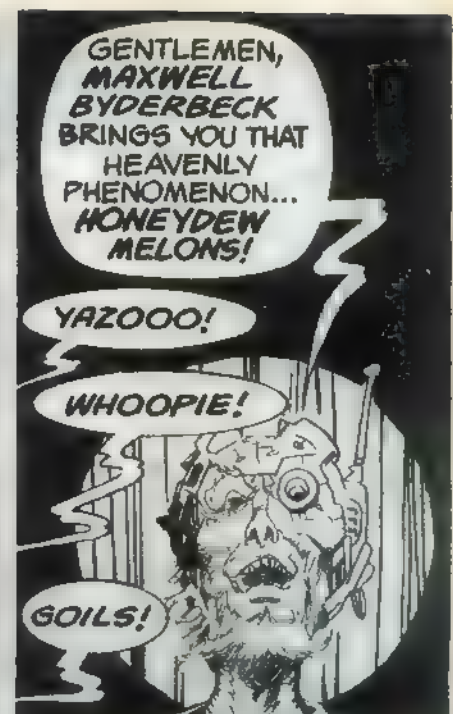


IT... IT'S THE **PERFECT FEMALE!** SHE CAN HANDLE **ANY** THUG OUT THERE! WHAT'S MORE, SHE'S A **BOMBSHELL!**

WHATTAYA SAY? GIMME A **BREAK** WILLYA, GUY? WE'LL BE **RICH!**

**RICH, HUH? OKAY, MAX!** ONE **LAST** CHANCE, BUT IF ANYTHING GOES **WRONG--!**

IT WON'T, **WOMBLE** I **PROMISE** YOU!



GENTLEMEN, **MAXWELL BYDERBECK** BRINGS YOU THAT **HEAVENLY** PHENOMENON... **HONEYDEW** **MELONS!**

**YAZOOO!**

**WHOOPIE!**

**GOILS!**



THE CURTAINS PARTED AND IT WAS AS IF **DAWN** HAD COME TO A **LONG DREARY** NIGHT. SHE WAS **SUNSHINE** AND **GOLDEN WINE.** SHE WAS **SENSUALITY** AND **SWEETNESS** BUT MOST OF ALL... SHE WAS THE **SEXIEST** DAMNED THING THOSE **MINERS** HAD EVER SEEN.



BUT BEFORE SHE COULD MAKE A MOVE, THERE WAS A FAMILIAR **BELLOW** FROM THE BACK OF THE ROOM.

**ME WANT GOIL!**

**OH LORD!**

**NOT AGAIN!**

I WISH HE'D LEARN SOME **NEW WORDS.**



SHE WAS LIKE A **GODDESS** TO HIM. FROM THE MOMENT **BIG EDDIE** LAID EYES ON HER... IT WAS AS THOUGH HE WERE HAVING A **RELIGIOUS** **EXPERIENCE.**

**MMMM!** YOU **NICE!** WE HAVE **GOOD** **TIME!**



BUT CLEARLY,  
HONEYDEW  
WAS NOT THE  
RELIGIOUS  
TYPE...!

WOPPI!

EDDIE WAS  
OVERPOWERED  
FOR THE FIRST  
TIME IN HIS  
OVERBEARING  
LIFE. AT THAT  
PRECISE MOMENT,  
EVERY MINER  
PRESENT FELL  
KNEE-DEEP IN  
LOVE WITH  
HONEYDEW  
THE UNTOUCHABLE!  
SHE WAS FIRMLY  
ENPERCHED ON A  
PEDESTAL OF  
LOVE!

WHEN THE MUSIC  
FINALLY BEGAN...  
HONEYDEW'S  
AUDIENCE WAS  
ENRAPTURED.

THE MUSIC WAS THE  
KEY THE PROFESSOR  
HAD BUILT INTO HER.  
IT ACTIVATED A TRIGGER  
WHICH SET HER  
MACHINERY  
IN  
MOTION.

WHEN SHE WAS THROUGH,  
SHE KNEW THEY  
WANTED MORE...!

SHE WAS THE ULTIMATE  
MACHINE. A CLOCK WITH  
FLUID GEARS. A CAR ON  
A VELVET ROAD. A  
BALLERINA VESTING  
HERSELF OF GARMENTS.

THEY SCREAMED FOR  
IT. SHOUTED. THE CLUB  
THUNDERED WITH THE  
ROAR OF THREE  
HUNDRED FRUSTRATED  
MINERS! THE WALLS  
VIBRATED WITH A  
SEXUAL, SENSUAL  
RHYTHM... THAT  
COMPELLED HONEYDEW  
TO GO ON--!

MY GOD! W...  
WHAT'S SHE'S  
DOING?

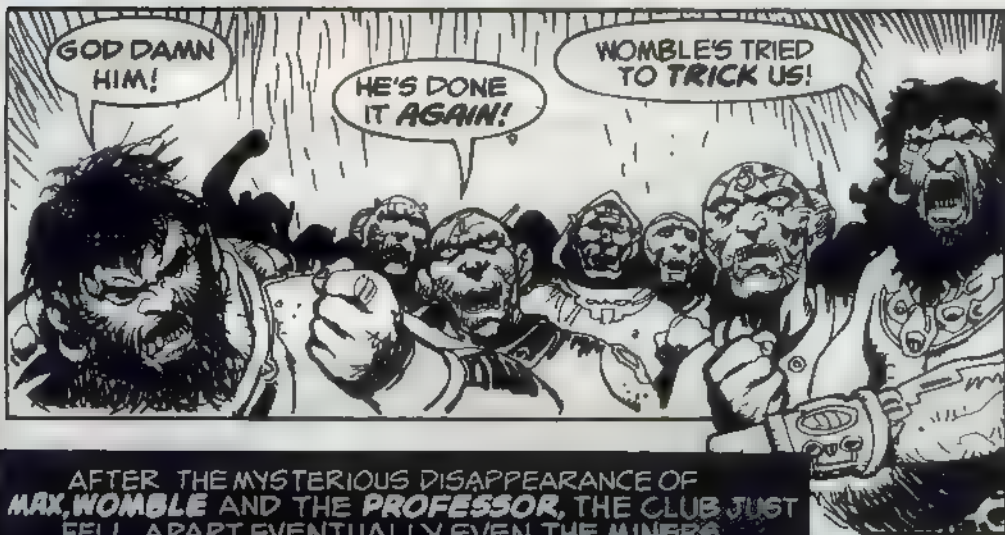
T-TURN HER OFF!  
PROFESSOR! SHUT  
HER DOWN!!





THEY CLAMORED FOR  
MORE... AND TO THEIR  
SUPRISE...

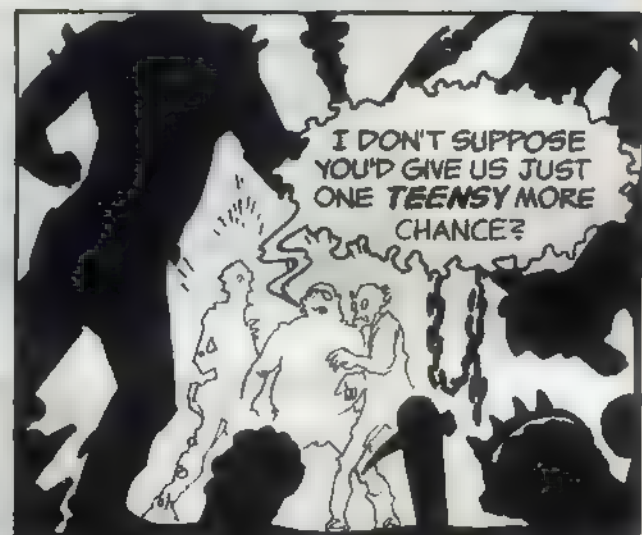
...THAT'S WHAT  
SHE GAVE THEM!



GOD DAMN  
HIM!

HE'S DONE  
IT AGAIN!

WOMBLE'S TRIED  
TO TRICK US!



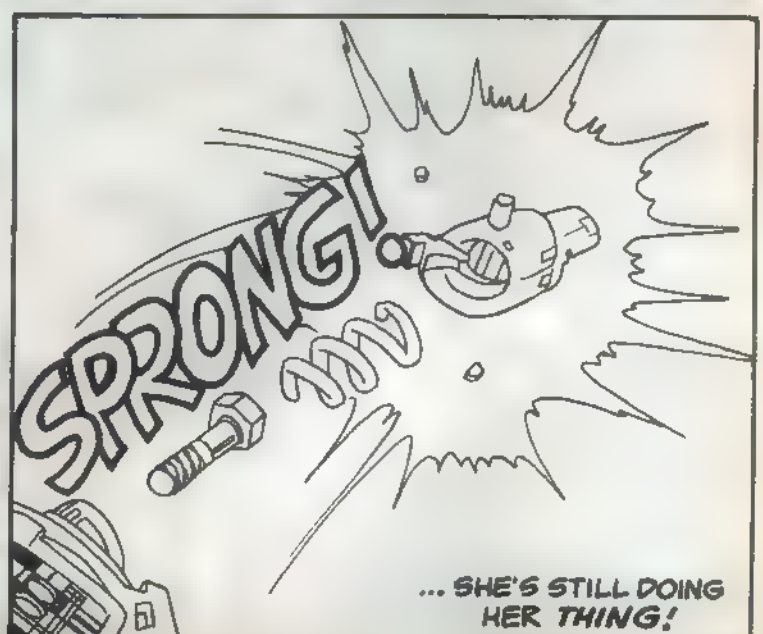
I DON'T SUPPOSE  
YOU'D GIVE US JUST  
ONE TEENSY MORE  
CHANCE?

AFTER THE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF  
MAX WOMBLE AND THE PROFESSOR, THE CLUB JUST  
FELL APART. EVENTUALLY EVEN THE MINERS  
DESERTED VESTA.



AS FOR HONEYDEN, THE ANGEL OF THE ASTEROIDS...! WELL  
SHE'S STILL THERE...ON THE STAGE OF THE VACUUM PUMP!

AND AFTER ALL THIS TIME...



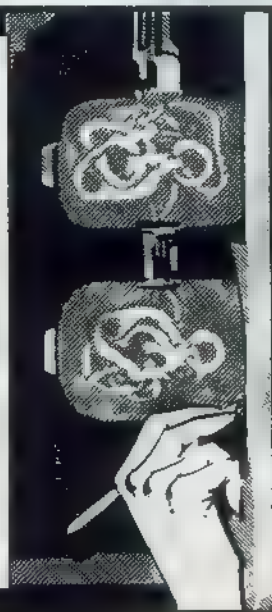
... SHE'S STILL DOING  
HER THING!



My Dearest Ordway;  
As always, I was overjoyed to the point of  
ecstasy, upon receipt of your latest correspondence.  
It is becoming ever more obvious to those around  
me that your letters are my sole reason for  
clinging to this lame--wretched life.



My doctors are deeply thankful to  
you for sparking my renewed  
interest in living. Yet, they are  
concerned as well; fearful that I  
might again relapse into fits of  
suicidal depression should our  
romance abruptly end.

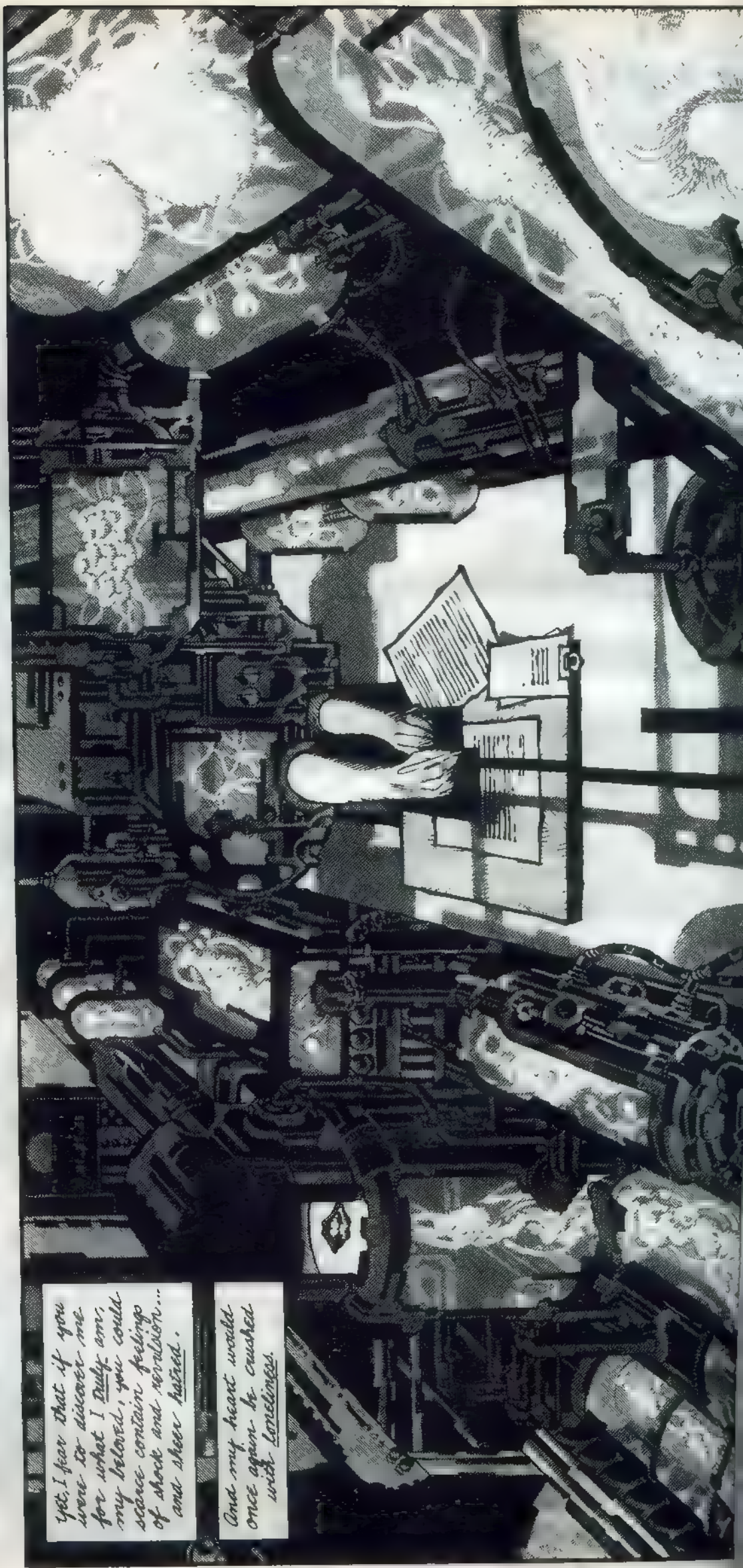


I too, beloved Ordway, share my physicians'  
fears. In the six months we have exchanged  
letters, I have perhaps permitted myself to  
become too close... too fond of you. And although  
we have never met I share the sentiments  
expressed in your recent misadventure... of love and  
deep intimate ties between us.



Yet, I fear that if you  
were to discover me  
for what I truly am,  
my beloved, you could  
scarce contain feelings  
of shock and revulsion...  
and sheer hatred.

And my heart would  
once again be crushed  
with loneliness.





My Dearest Ordway;  
As always, I was overjoyed to the point of  
ecstasy, upon receipt of your latest correspondence.  
It is becoming ever more obvious to those around  
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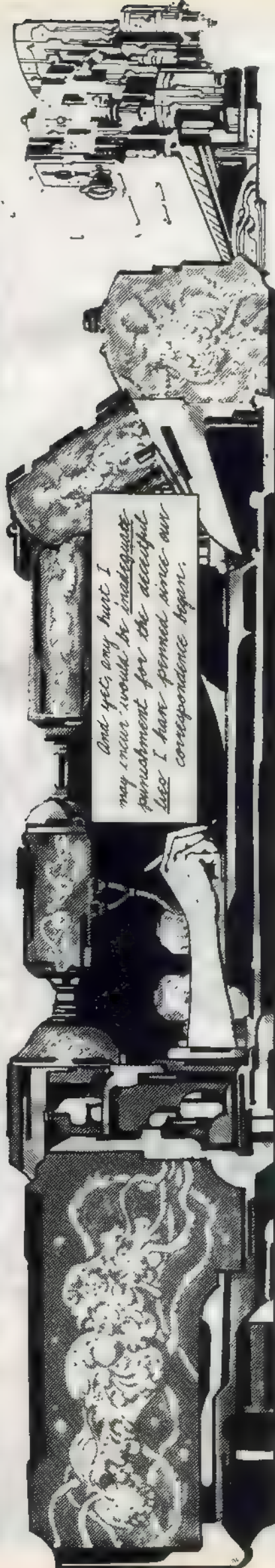
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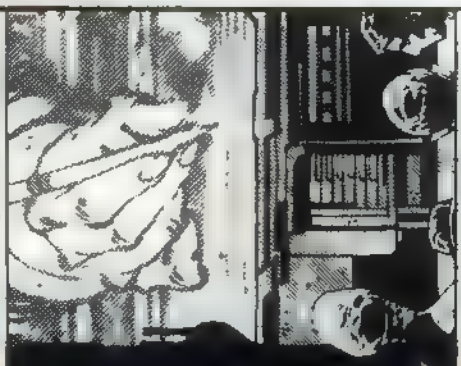


# ONCE UPON CLARISSA



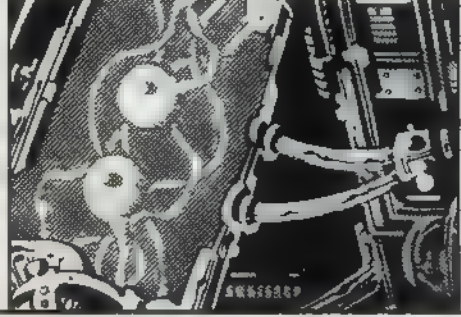
And yet, say but I  
may incur 'would be inadequate'  
punishment for the deceitful  
lies I have penned since our  
correspondence began.

I fear I have misled  
you, my sweet, innocent  
bravery. I must tell  
you this now... while  
there is still time for  
you to cancel your  
pending visit...



... where undoubtedly  
you would have dis-  
covered the horrible  
truth for yourself.

I have deceived  
you to such a  
degree that I  
scarcely know  
where to begin  
my confessions  
of guilt.

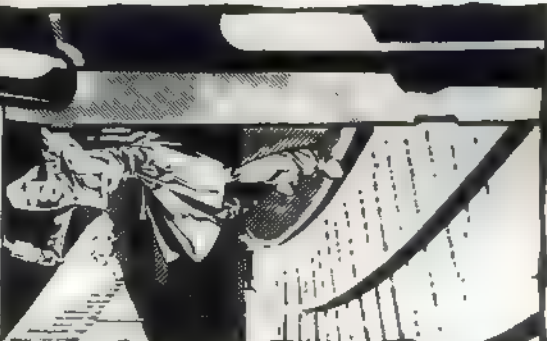


Perhaps, as always,  
to start at the  
beginning will  
be best.

I remember well,  
dearest Claway, how  
your first heart-  
warming letter was  
spurred by that  
emotional story which  
appeared in the  
National Engineer.



It was truly  
a moving  
account of  
the accident  
that mangled  
my body  
beyond human  
recognition.



How I came to be  
trapped between  
those two run-  
away trains on  
an inevitable  
collision course,  
yet remains an  
unanswerable  
mystery to me.

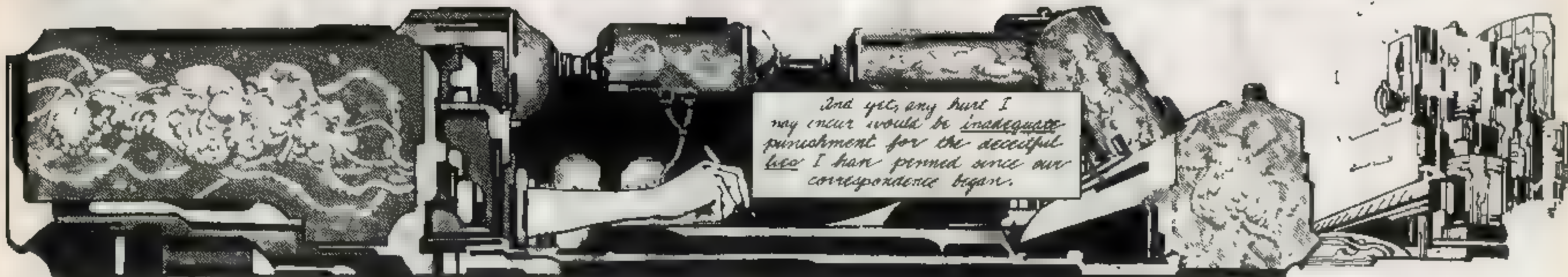
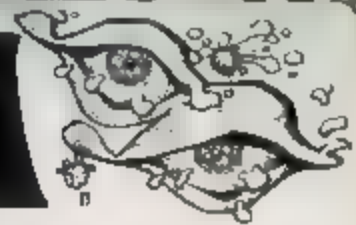


Suffice it to say, the  
newspaper account was  
incomplete as published,  
my love. For even though  
it ends with a battalion  
of surgeons working  
desperately to piece to-  
gether my mangled  
frame, there is an  
epilogue to my story  
far more available.





# ONCE UPON CLARISSA



And yet, any hurt I may incur would be inadequate punishment for the deceitful lies I have permed since our correspondence began.

I fear I have misted you, my sweet, innocent Ordway. I must tell you this now.. while there is still time for you to cancel your impending visit...



... where undoubtedly you would have discovered the horrible truth for yourself.

I have deceived you to such a degree that I scarcely know where to begin my confessions of guilt.



Perhaps, as always, to start at the beginning will be best.

I remember well, dearest Ordway, how your first heart-warming letter was spurred by that emotional story which appeared in the National Enquirer



It was truly a moving account of the accident that mangled my body beyond human recognition.



How I came to be trapped between those two runaway trains on an inevitable collision course, yet remains an unanswerable mystery to me.



Suffice it to say, the newspaper account was incomplete as published, my lot. For even though it ends with a battalion of surgeons working desperately to piece together my mangled frame, there is an epilogue to my story far more incredible





The doctors who labored so valiantly to save my life cannot be blamed for the events which followed, my love. My body was in such a state of decay...



...it is easy to understand how they confused the duodenum with the rectal ducts. After all... the two do look so much alike.

The surgeons weren't aware of their mistake at first. They didn't catch it until one of the nurses found me in a catatonic haze doing quilt head-stands in the women's lavatory.



By then, however, it was too late. The damage to my digestive tract was so severe that I had to have an immediate transplant of pancreas, renal, cam, suprarenal glands, and hipalic veins.

My pylorus and bladder had to be hooked up to external machines which both fed and cleansed my body automatically.



Yet, even when all of the alterations had been completed on my patchwork form, the stream of internal body functions such as common elimination were so severe, that stitches repairing rips and tears in my esophagus and lymphatic vessels began bursting and spitting at the seams.



My physicians' only course of action naturally, was to remove the damaged esophageal ducts from my body, and place them in an external region adjacent to my body proper, where they could remain functioning under total observation.



The problem of body strain persisted. Other seams began splitting open, and organs dangled lovely through ruptured openings.



The surgeons had no other alternative but to give up... abandon all hope of ever saving my mangled form.



The doctors who labored so valiantly to save my life cannot be blamed for the events which followed, my love. My body was in such a state of disarray...



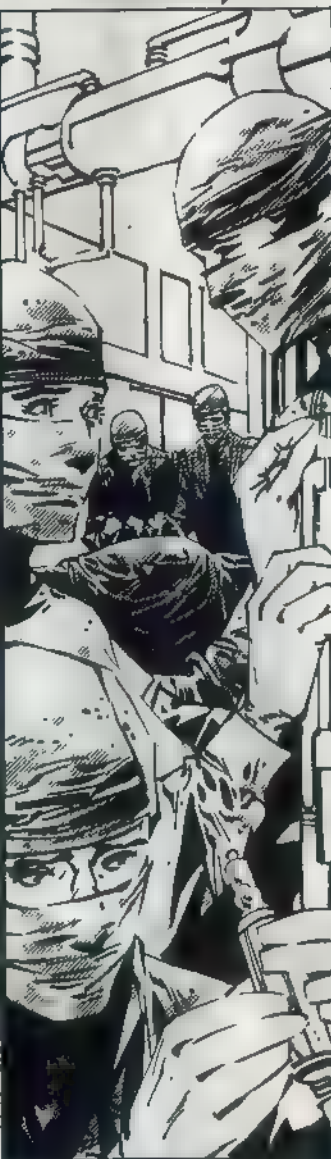
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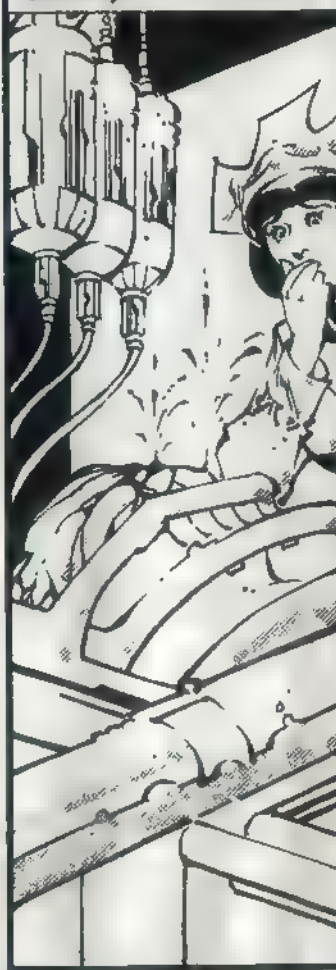


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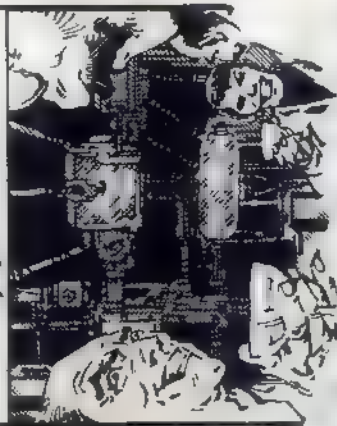


Pursuing my life  
no matter what  
the cost became  
their primary objective.  
And to do that, they had  
concluded, they had  
only to remove all  
functional body organs  
and reconnect them  
in a more advantageous  
though somewhat less  
convenient manner.

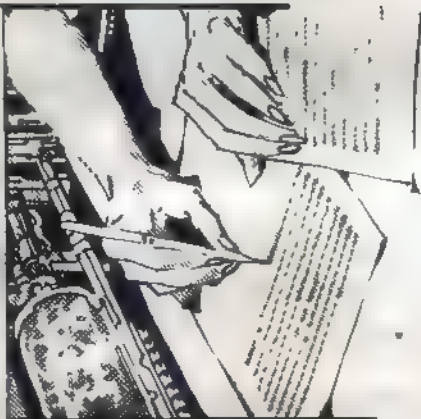
My doctors replaced  
those parts that were  
worn or badly damaged  
with spare parts from  
generous donors... or with  
mechanical devices that  
function even better  
than the original.



An atomic power  
pacemaker, for example,  
now rests in the appropriate  
proximity once reserved  
for my heart. My epiglottis,  
pylorus and uterus are  
totally of refrigerated plastic.  
And I believe the scientist  
at 'Mattel' has something to  
do with the replacement of  
my pectorals.



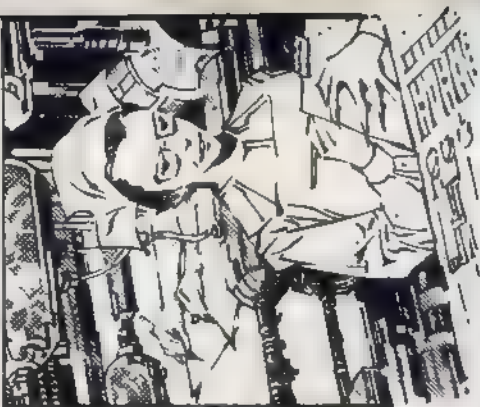
What I am trying to tell  
you, my beloved Ordway,  
is that the photograph  
I sent you sometime back  
is not truly a good  
 likeness.



Somewhat outdated, it  
was actually taken the  
day before my fateful  
accident with the subway.



I felt that I owed you  
this explanation, my love,  
because of what we have  
come to mean to each  
other through our  
correspondence.





Preserving my life  
no matter what  
the cost became  
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And to do that, they  
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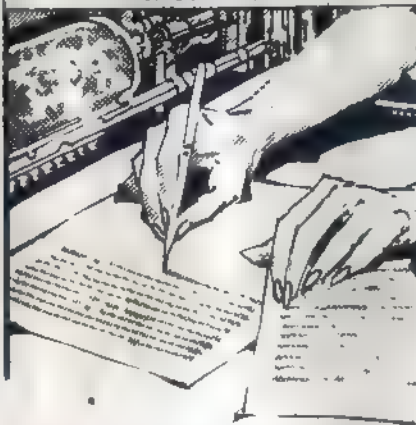
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I felt that I owed you  
this explanation, my love,  
because of what we have  
come to mean to each  
other through our  
correspondence.





So that I waily  
allowed myself to  
dream, then dream  
of once again being  
held in the arms  
of a man... of  
being loved and  
giving love... and  
perhaps even  
carrying a new  
life within me...

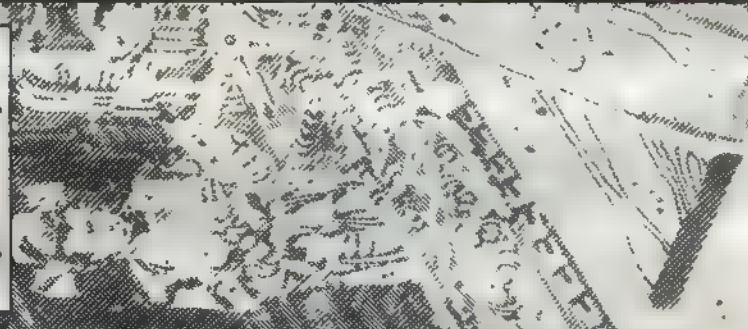


...the life of a  
baby created  
through our mutual  
love.

How could I have  
ever sheltered such  
folish, impossible  
thoughts? A man  
embracing me? Ha!  
A man wouldn't  
know which leg  
which tube to hug  
first.



And while each of  
my body parts  
are functional...  
operational, and  
my desires are  
the desires of a  
healthy, asexual  
female in her  
child-bearing prime...  
what man could  
find it in his heart  
to love a woman  
composed of disappointed  
plastic, wires and  
snap human organs?



No! I could not be  
so selfish as to in-  
flict that upon any  
man. I have been too  
selfish too long...  
allowing attentive  
physicians, brilliant  
surgeons and diligent  
nurses to flutter  
about me, catering to  
my every mood.

You can only ask so  
much of Blue Cross.



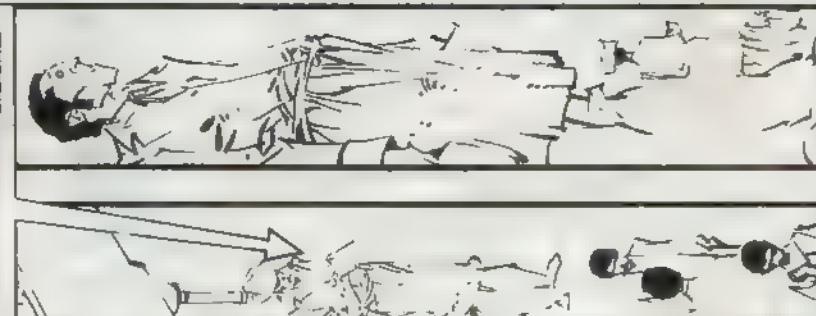
I truly believe the  
time has come, my  
beloved. I want to  
end my self-serving  
existence upon this  
world. I have simply  
to remove one small  
electrical socket and  
the end will come  
gently, peacefully  
for me.



I only want you to  
know, my beloved,  
that my final thought  
will be of you. I am  
sorry to have denied  
you so. I truly fear  
you for the kind,  
understanding and  
gentle man your letters  
show you to be!

If there is an  
afterlife, my dearest  
Cravings, you can be  
assured I will great-  
fully of you there, your  
kindness to me will  
never be forgotten.

Your friend and  
would-be lover, *Marion*.





To think I vainly  
allowed myself to  
dream, dear Ordway,  
of once again being  
held in the arms  
of a man... of  
being loved and  
giving love... and  
perhaps even  
carrying a new  
life within me...

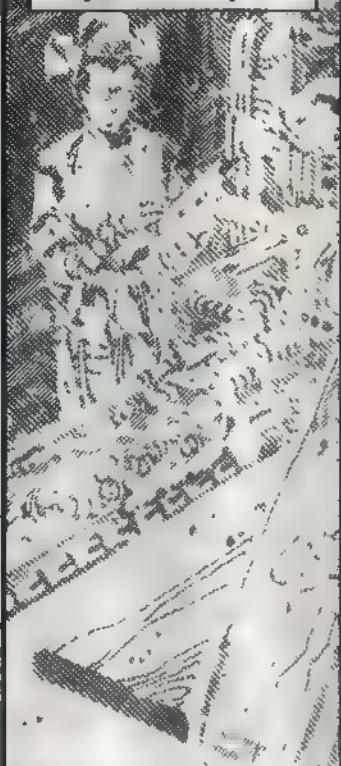


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And while each of  
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understanding and  
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show you to be!

If there is an  
afterlife, my dearest  
Ordway, you can be  
assured I will speak  
well of you there, your  
kindness to me will  
never be forgotten.

Your friend and  
would-be lover, Chlorine.





I... I'M ORDWAY O-ORZOKOWSKI!  
C-CAN I S-SEE... TH... THAT IS... IS  
C-C-CLARISSA G-CAVENFISH  
S-S-TILL --?

SO! YOUR THE  
FAMOUS DON JUAN OF  
CLARISSA'S DREAMS!  
SHE'S TOLD  
EVERYONE HERE  
AT THE HOSPITAL  
OF YOUR ROMANTIC  
LETTERS!

R-R-ROMANTIC  
D-D-DON  
JUAN... ME?

CLARISSA WILL  
BE VERY GLAD TO  
SEE YOU! SHE DOES  
SO NEED THE  
COMPANIONSHIP OF  
SOMEONE OTHER  
THAN THE  
HOSPITAL STAFF

TH... THEN C-C-  
CLARISSA'S NOT  
D-D-D-DEAD?

DEAD? FAR FROM  
IT, DEAR BOY! IN HER  
PRESENT STATE, SHE'S  
ONE OF THE **HEALTHIEST**  
WOMEN IN THE WORLD.  
WHY, WE CAN KEEP HER  
TICKING FOR ANOTHER  
HUNDRED YEARS! HELL...  
**TWO HUNDRED IF  
WE HAVE TO!**

B-BUT  
I-I-I TH-  
THOUGHT--!

DON'T TELL ME  
SHE PULLED THAT  
OLD **SUICIDE**  
ROUTINE ON YOU,  
TOO? **HA! HA!**  
SHE'S TRIED THAT  
BEFORE!

Y-YOU M-MEAN  
IT'S ALL A-A-A  
F-FAKE?

TRICKERY?  
CHICANERY?  
FOR ATTENTION?  
NO, NOT AT ALL,  
BOY! CLARISSA'S  
NOT LIKE THAT!

AT TIMES SHE BECOMES  
GENUINELY **DEPRESSED**  
OVER HER... LET'S CALL IT...  
HER CURRENT STATE OF  
PERPLEXITY.

IF NOT FOR THE FACT  
THAT WE KEEP THE 'PLUG'  
AND ALL OF HER VITAL  
PARTS OUT OF HER  
IMMEDIATE REACH, CLARISSA  
MIGHT EVENTUALLY BE  
**SUCCESSFUL** IN HER  
SUICIDE ATTEMPTS.

BUT H-HOW  
DO YOU D-DO TH-  
TH-TH-THAT?

CLARISSA  
HINT  
TOO



I... I'M ORDWAY O-ORZOKOWSKI!  
C-CAN I 6-SEE--TH... THAT IS...IS  
C-C-CLARISSA C-CAVENFISH  
S-6TILL--?

SO! YOUR THE  
FAMOUS DON JUAN OF  
CLARISSA'S DREAMS!  
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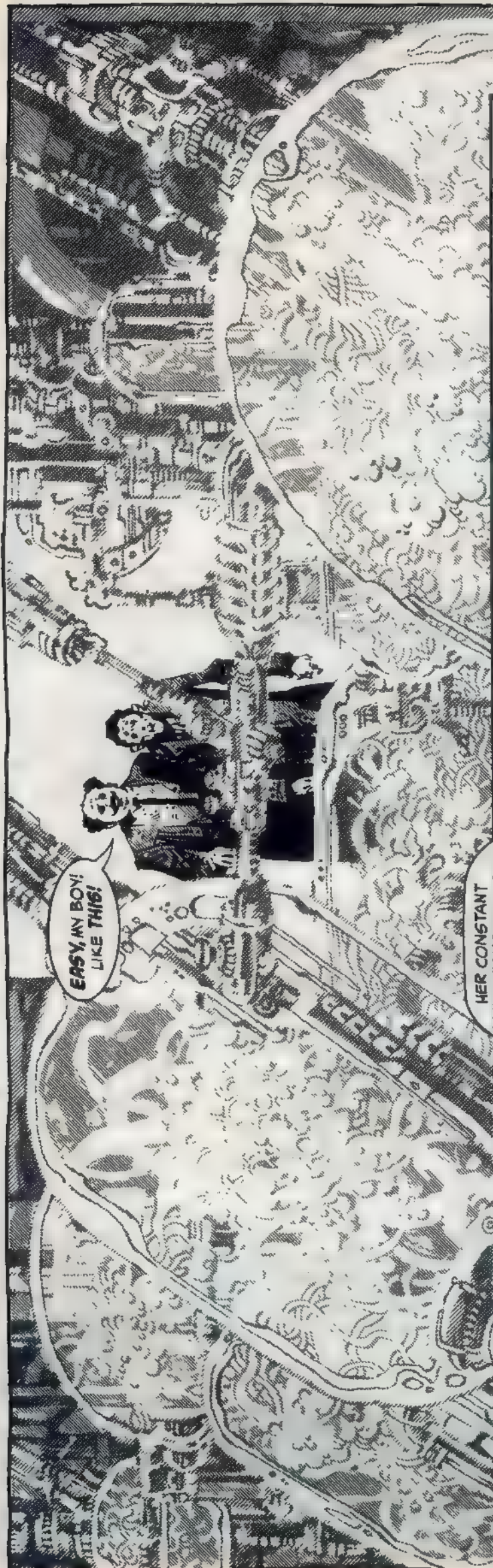
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BUT H-HOW  
DO YOU D-DO TH-  
TH-TH-THAT?

CLARISSA  
PART  
TOO





EASY, MY BOY!  
LIKE THIS!

COME ON!  
RIGHT THIS  
WAY!

C-C-C-C  
CLARISSA!

DON'T BE SHY,  
MY BOY! SURELY YOU  
KNOW HOW CLARISSA  
FEELS ABOUT YOU.

ORDWAY... IS  
IT REALLY... YOU?

BUT ENOUGH  
OF THE TOUR!  
CLARISSA WILL  
WANT TO SEE  
YOU!

B-BUT  
I-I-I--!

ORDWAY!  
ORDWAY?

HER CONSTANT  
COMPANIONS ARE A BIG  
BROTHER TV CAMERA  
AND SOME OF THE  
FINEST LIFE SUSTAINING  
MACHINERY AVAILABLE...  
ALL FUNCTIONING AROUND  
THE CLOCK TO KEEP  
OUR CLARISSA  
HEALTHY AND HAPPY.

IT'S YOUR  
BELOVED! IT'S  
ORDWAY! THE  
MAN YOU'VE TOLD  
US ALL SO MUCH  
ABOUT!

THE REST OF  
CLARISSA IS UP  
THERE IN HER OWN  
PRIVATE ROOM.

OH, DOCTOR...  
YOU... YOU'VE  
BROUGHT--?

WE KEEP HER HEART,  
LUNGS, INTESTINES,  
ESOPHAGUS, BLADDER,  
KIDNEYS, SPLEEN, URETERS  
AND ETCETERAS  
DOWN HERE.

CLARISSA!  
I HAVE A  
SURPRISE  
FOR YOU!





EASY, MY BOY!  
LIKE THIS!



HER CONSTANT  
COMPANIONS ARE A BIG  
BROTHER TV CAMERA  
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COME ON!  
RIGHT THIS  
WAY!



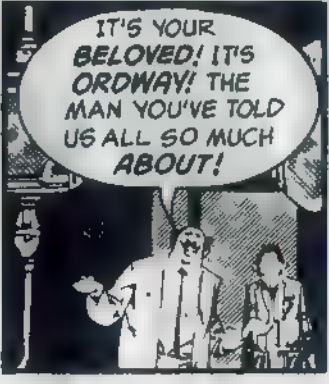
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ORDWAY! THE  
MAN YOU'VE TOLD  
US ALL SO MUCH  
ABOUT!



ORDWAY!  
ORDWAY?



ORDWAY... IS  
IT REALLY... YOU?



C-C-C-C  
CLARISSA!?





OH, YOU MUSTN'T  
LOOK AT ME... I'M  
SUCH A MESS!

Y-YOU'RE  
B-BEAUTIFUL,  
C-CLARISSA...!  
Y-YOU'RE  
J-JUST AS I  
I-I-IMAGINED!

OH, ORDWAY!  
REALLY? YOU'RE SO  
SWEET!

I-I THOUGHT FOR SURE  
YOU WOULD CANCEL  
YOUR TRIP AFTER  
MY AWFUL LETTER.

I-I'M SO SORRY  
FOR... FOR DECEIVING  
YOU SO! SOBI!

I-I-C-CAME  
BECAUSE I L-L-L-  
LOVE TH-THE  
R-REAL YOU!

I... I LOVE YOU,  
C-C-CLARISSA... N-NO  
M-MATTER WH-WH-  
WHAT YOU L-LOOK  
LIKE!

OH, ORDWAY...  
YOU MEAN YOU'LL  
MARRY ME?

WE CAN HAVE  
THE BABY I'VE  
ALWAYS WANTED?

B-BEAUTY IS O-ONLY  
S-SKIN... ER... G-G-  
GLASS DEEP... I  
A-ALWAYS S-S-SAY!

OHNH! YOU'VE  
MADE ME SO HAPPY  
MY BELOVED! I... I  
CAN HARDLY WAIT!  
A BABY OF MY  
VERY OWN!

WHY WAIT  
WHEN EVERY  
SECOND IS SO  
PRECIOUS FOR  
YOU TWO HAPPY  
LOVEBIRDS!

IT'LL TAKE THE  
PREACHER A WHILE  
TO GET HERE, ANYWAY!  
IN THE MEANTIME, YOU  
TWO CAN GET TO  
KNOW ONE ANOTHER!

OHHH, DOCTOR,  
REALLY?

WHY  
NOT?

COME ON, MY  
BOY! THAT PART  
OF CLARISSA'S  
DOWNSTAIRS...

...IN A JAR  
MARKED V!



Y-YOU'RE  
B-BEAUTIFUL,  
C-CLARISSA...!  
Y-Y-YOU'RE  
J-JUST AS I  
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M-M-MATTER WH-WH-  
WHAT YOU L-LOOK  
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IT'LL TAKE THE  
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COME ON, MY  
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...IN A JAR  
MARKED V!



# QUICK CUT

IT HAD BEEN A THOUSAND-THOUSAND YEARS SINCE MANKIND HAD BATHED ITSELF IN THE PURGATORIAL FIRE RAINS. THE BITTER NECTAR OF RADIO-ACTIVITY HAD LONG-SINCE DISPERSED, LEAVING LITTLE OF THE ILL-EFFECTS LONG PREDICTED BY THE DOOMSDAY-FEARING ALARMISTS.

OH, IT WAS ADMITTED THAT SOME MINOR GENETIC DEFORMITIES MAY HAVE RESULTED FROM THE COUNTLESS PLUTONIUM IONS INDUCED INTO THE LUNGS WITH EACH CLOYING BREATH. THERE WAS EVEN THAT OBSTINATE MINORITY WHO SIMPLY REFUSED TO INHALE THE HOLOCAUSTIC TOXINS, AND HAD LONG SINCE GIVEN UP THE FINE ART OF BREATHING.

ASIDE FROM THIS OVERLY-PERSECUTED MINORITY, HOWEVER, CIVILIZATION SEEMED PRETTY MUCH THE SAME AS IT HAD BEEN IN THE TIME OF THE GREAT MAN-IACS. AS EVER, THE WORLD REMAINED DIVIDED INTO TWO DISTINCT GROUPS...THE HALVES AND THE HALF-NOTS. IT TOOK ROUGHLY TWO HALVES STANDING ONE ON THE CRANIUM OF THE OTHER TO EQUAL THE SIZE OF THE MORE DOMINANT HALF-NOTS (WHO WERE STILL DIMINUTIVE WHEN COMPARED WITH THEIR PRE-ARMAGEDDON FOREBEARS).

THE LARGER MORE LECHEROUS HALF-NOTS BUILT THEIR CASTLES FROM RUINS FOUND IN THE LONG SINCE DESTROYED CITY CENTERS. WHILE THE SMALLER, MORE PEACEFUL OVERLY-ENDOWED HALVES DWELT HAPPILY, THOUGH EVER ON THEIR GUARD IN THE GREAT FORESTS.



ONE RESPECTED MEMBER OF THIS SMALL SOCIETY WAS ANDIF THE PRUDENT, WHOSE TITLE REPRESENTED NO MEAN ACHIEVEMENT AMONG THESE ELFISH FOLK WITH THE OVERSIZED GENITALIA.



ANDIF'S CONSTANT COMPANION TRIL, WAS A TINY BEAUTY WHO HAD SHOWN A MARKED PREFERENCE FOR HIM DURING THE LAST CARNAL TIME...!



TRIL! LOOK! THERE'S A GIANT IN THE VILLAGE!

GENTLE PEOPLE! I HAVE COME FOR MY TRIBUTE!



IT WAS THAT TIME OF MONTH AGAIN WHEN THE OVERSIZED BRUTES CAME TO THE FOREST CITIES TO EXTRACT THEIR 'PROTECTION TAXES'

I REQUIRE BUT A HALF DOZEN VESTAL VIRGINS THIS CYCLE!

SUCK WIND, SPURT BAG!

WE AIN'T PAYIN'!

YER TAKIN' ALL OUR BEST WIMMIN'!

THOSE OF THE LARGER STRAIN HAD LITTLE USE FOR THE SMALLER *HALVES*... EXCEPT IN MATTERS OF A *CARNAL* NATURE! IT SEEMED THAT THE *FEMALES* WERE MORE TO THEIR LIKING THAN THE BRUTISH AMAZONS OF THEIR OWN SOCIETY.

ONCE EACH MONTH... ON *ECSTASY DAY*, THE HAVE NOTS SENT THEIR COLLECTOR FOR THE *TRIBUTE* THEY DESIRED OF THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

UNFORTUNATELY SINCE NO FEMALE HAD EVER RETURNED AFTER BEING GIVEN OVER TO THE GIANTS, THAT PORTION OF THE *SMALL FOLK* REMAINED DANGEROUSLY NEAR EXTINCTION.

YOU WILL GIVE ME MY DUE... OR ELSE!

NOOOOOO!

THUNK!

M-MY BABY! OH GOD! MY BABY!

EEEEYAAA!

AND THE FIRST TIME THE *HALVES* REFUSED TO PAY THAT TRIBUTE...

TWO THINGS HAPPENED SIMULTANEOUSLY: THE GIANT TAX COLLECTOR *DISAPPEARED*... AND A DEADLY RAIN OF *ARROWS* SHOWERED THE NORMALLY-PEACEFUL VILLAGE, THOSE WHO WERE ARMED TOOK THEIR TOLL ON THEIR HIDDEN ATTACKERS BEFORE THEY DIED...!

BUT IT WAS *OVER* IN MINUTES! AND NOT ONE OF THE SMALLER, GENTLE PEOPLE REMAINED *ALIVE*!



ANDIF AND TRIL, HIDDEN IN THE GRASS,  
ESCAPED THE SLAUGHTER...



...AND WATCHED AS AN  
ARMY OF OGRES  
EMERGED FROM THE  
TREES...

THEY'RE GATHERING  
UP THE DEAD! BUT...  
BUT WHY? AND WHAT  
IS THAT TERRIBLE  
ODOR!



THEY'RE  
COOKING  
THEM!

SILENTLY, ANDIF ROSE AND  
BUCKLED ON HIS SWORD  
AND DAGGER...!

SO THAT'S WHY OUR  
FEMALES HAVE NEVER  
RETURNED! THE GIANTS  
ARE CANNIBALS! NO  
WONDER THEY'RE SO  
FAT AND HEALTHY!



ANDIF!  
WHAT WILL  
YOU DO?

OUR...OUR PEOPLE...  
ALL OF THEM... ARE GONE!  
THEY MUST BE AVENGED!  
I AM NO MATCH AGAINST  
THE OGRES! BUT I WILL  
MAKE THEIR TAX  
COLLECTOR PAY! I WILL  
FOLLOW HIM TO HIS DOMAIN!  
WAIT UNTIL HE IS ALONE,  
AND THEN...!



OH,  
ANDIF...  
CAN I  
HELP?

NO!  
YOU'LL ONLY  
BE A  
PAIN IN  
THE ASS!

AND SO IT WAS SETTLED! ANDIF SET OUT, SATISFIED  
THAT HE HAD WON TRIL OVER TO HIS WAY OF  
THINKING, WHILE THE STRONG-WILLED GIRL FOLLOWED  
HIM DISCREETLY AT A DISTANCE!



ANDIF BEGAN TO SENSE  
DANGER ONLY AS HE  
NEARED THE GIANT CITY!



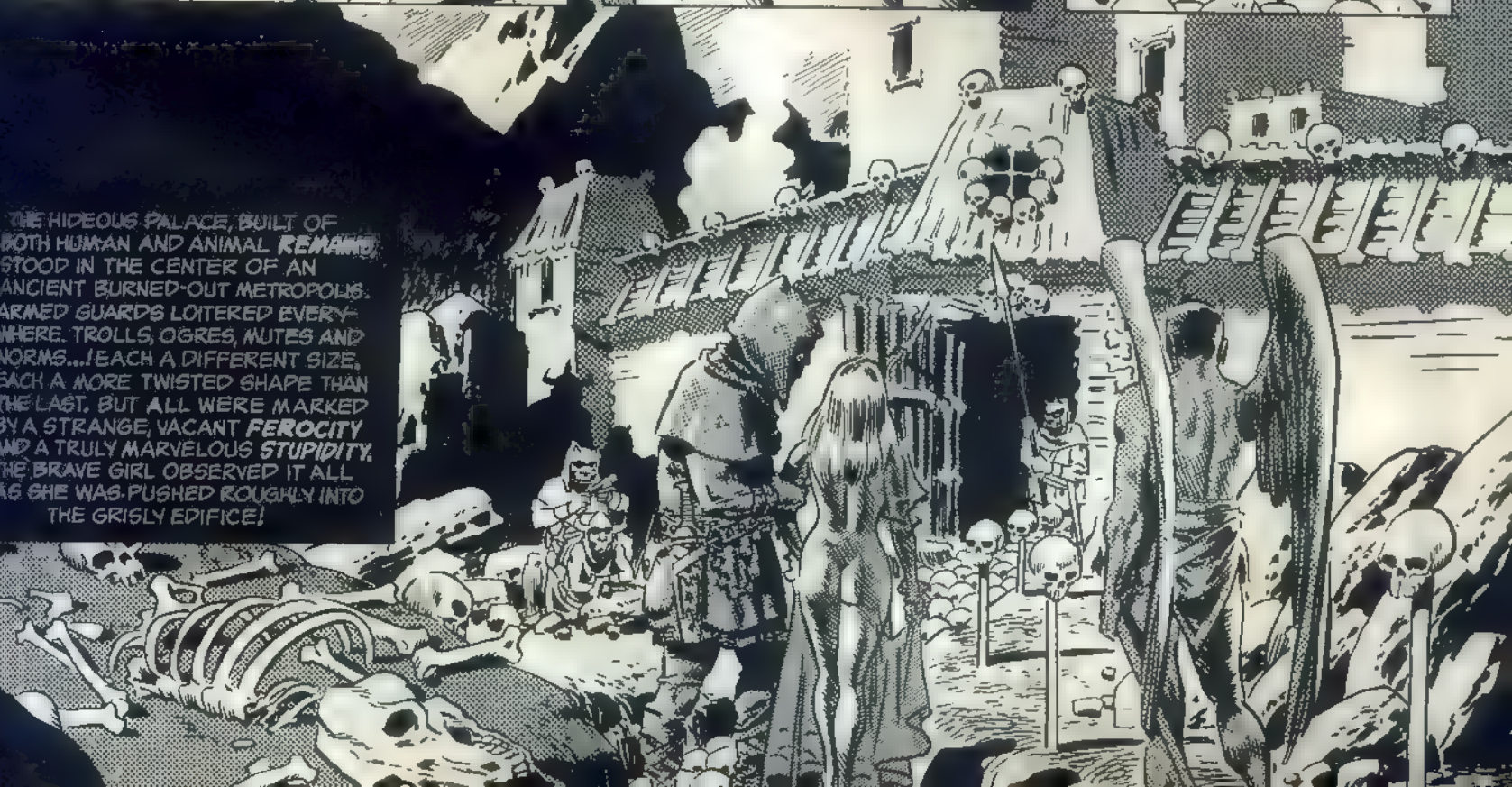
FOR THE FIRST DOZEN OR SO  
MILES, ANDIF NEVER SUSPECTED  
THAT HE WAS BEING SHADOWED.  
HIS THOUGHTS WERE TOTALLY  
OCCUPIED WITH HIS OWN IMPEND-  
ING HEROICS. THE LITTLE PEOPLE'S  
WORD FOR HEROICS BY THE  
WAY, WAS THE SAME AS FOR  
IDIOTCY!



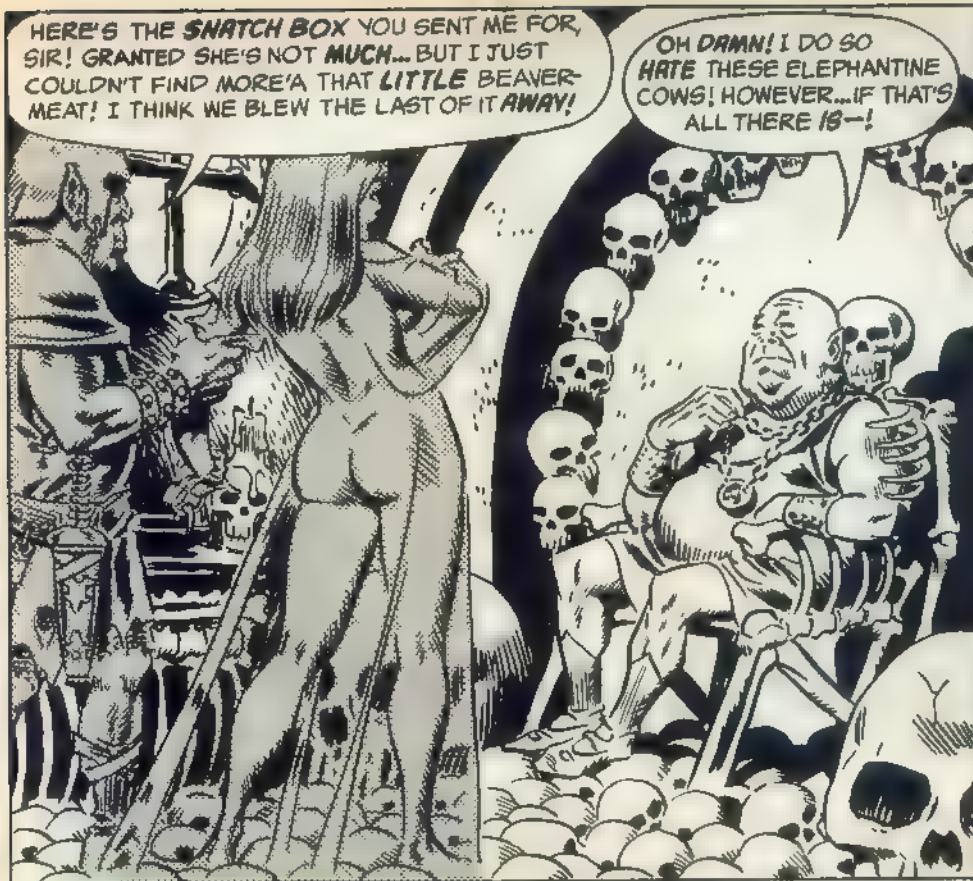
DIE,  
INFIDEL!

NO!  
NOOOOOO!









HERE'S THE **SNATCH BOX** YOU SENT ME FOR, SIR! GRANTED SHE'S NOT **MUCH...** BUT I JUST COULDN'T FIND MORE A THAT **LITTLE BEAVER-MEAT!** I THINK WE BLEW THE LAST OF IT **AWAY!**

OH **DAMN!** I DO SO **HATE** THESE **ELEPHANTINE COWS!** HOWEVER...IF THAT'S ALL THERE **IS--!**



PUT HER OVER **THERE!** WE'LL JUST HAVE TO **TENDERIZE** HER BEFORE WE **SERVE** HER TO THE **TROOPS!**



AND... IN THE **BOG** OUTSIDE THE **COLLECTOR'S CASTLE...**

YOU'RE A **PAIN,** YOU KNOW THAT!? HOW CAN I **SNEAK UP** ON THAT CASTLE WITH YOU--!?

OH, **ANDIF--!** H-HELP I'M **STUCK!**



IT... IT'S **QUICKSLIME,** **ANDIF!** S-SAVE ME!

PLEASE!

**DAMN!** WHAT NEXT!



**ANDIF!** PLEASE!

I... I DON'T WANT TO **DIE!**

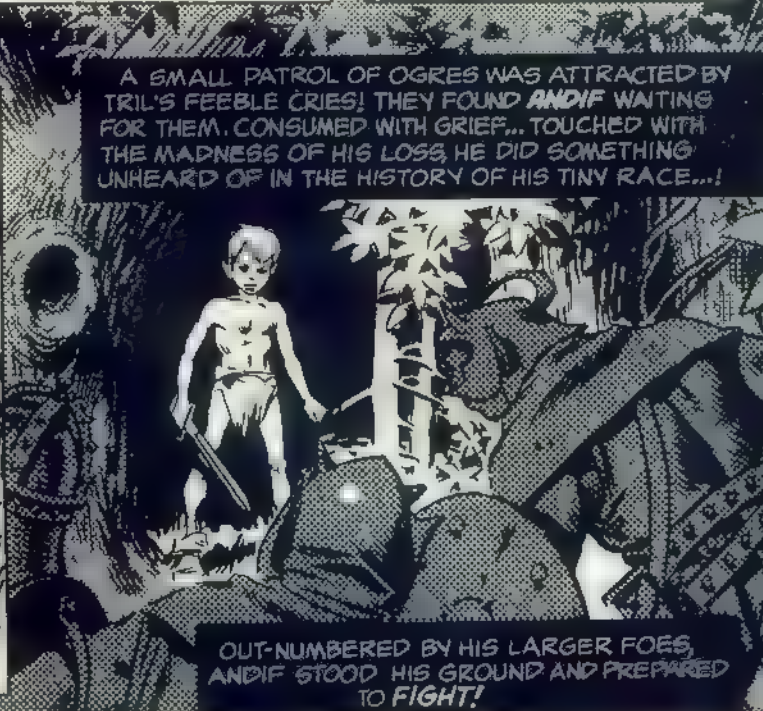
**SHADDUP,** WILL YA! JUST GRAB THIS **VINE!**



I **KNEW** IT! JUST LIKE A **WOMAN...**



...CAN'T CATCH **WORTH SHIT!**



A **SMALL PATROL** OF **OGRES** WAS ATTRACTED BY **TRIL'S** **FEEBLE CRIES!** THEY FOUND **ANDIF** WAITING FOR THEM. **CONSUMED** WITH **GRIEF...** TOUCHED WITH THE **MADNESS** OF HIS **LOSS,** HE DID SOMETHING **UNHEARD OF** IN THE **HISTORY** OF HIS **TINY RACE...**

**OUT-NUMBERED** BY HIS **LARGER FOES,** **ANDIF** **STOOD** HIS **GROUND** AND **PREPARED** TO **FIGHT!**



**SORRY** I INTERRUPTED YOUR **CIRCLE JERK,** **GNAT NUTS...**

**SPLATT!**





...BUT HOW ELSE COULD I HAVE **GOTTEN** YOU TO GIVE ME THE KEY TO YOUR CASTLE?



MEANWHILE...**INSIDE** THE **FORTRESS OF TERROR**...

EYAAAAA!

CRACK!



THAT'S **ENOUGH**, GLOM! THE MEAT SHOULD BE **THOROUGHLY TENDERIZED** BY NOW!

YOU MAY HAVE HER WHEN I AM THROUGH!



NOW, MY DEAR...! NO MORE **PAIN**! ONLY **PLEASURE**...



IN FACT... YOU WILL **DIE OF PLEASURE**! FIRST, YOU WILL RECEIVE MY ATTENTIONS, THEN THE ATTENTIONS OF MY **ATTENDANTS** AND MY **GUARD**... THEN MY **ARMY**!

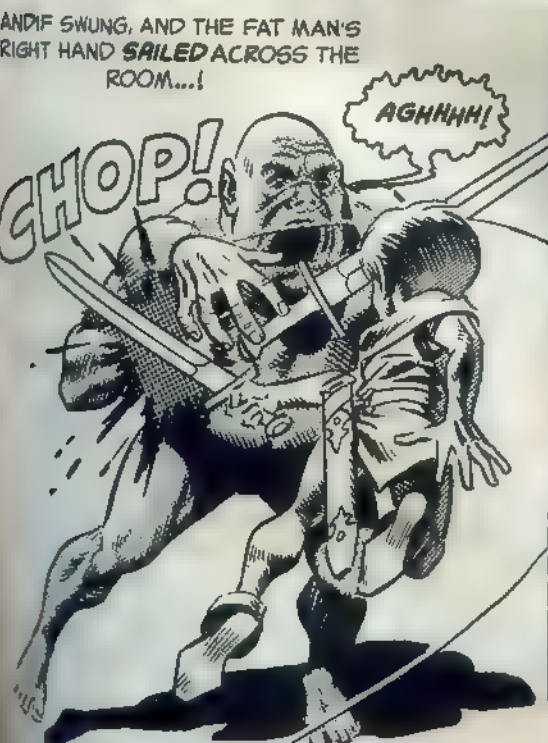
SO! IT'S JUST AS I THOUGHT!

HUH?



THAT'S WHY THEY CALL YOU THE **HALVE-NOTS**! YOU DON'T HAVE HALF THE GENITALIA OF A CASTRATED FIELD MOUSE...

OH... IT'S YOU! ONE OF THOSE **RODENTS** FROM THE **FOREST**! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU GOT HERE... BUT THROWING YOU OUT WILL ONLY TAKE A **MOMENT**!



ANDIF SWUNG, AND THE FAT MAN'S RIGHT HAND **SAILED** ACROSS THE ROOM...

CHOP!

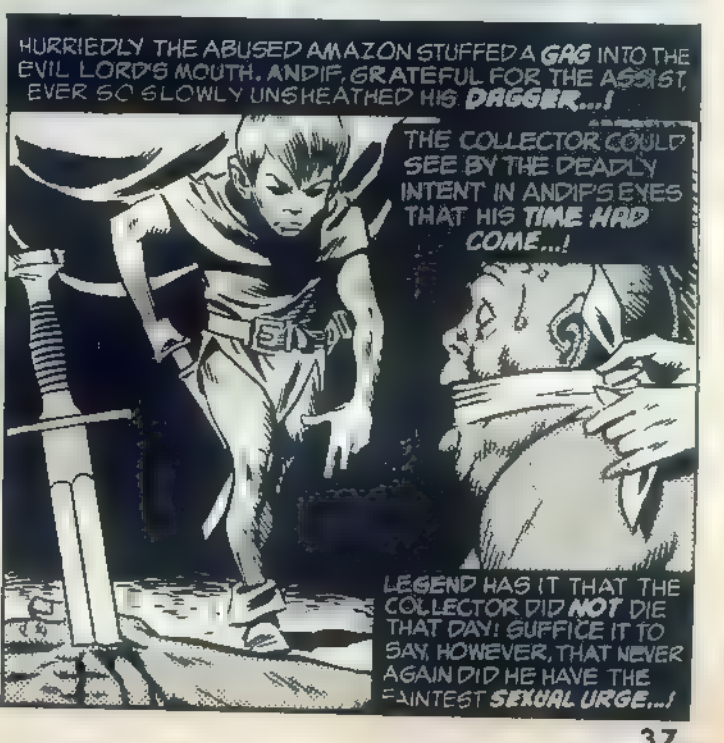
AGHHHH!



HE REACHED FOR HIS SWORD WITH HIS **LEFT** HAND... BUT AGAIN, ANDIF WAS TOO **SWIFT**!

THUNK!

NOOOOOOO!



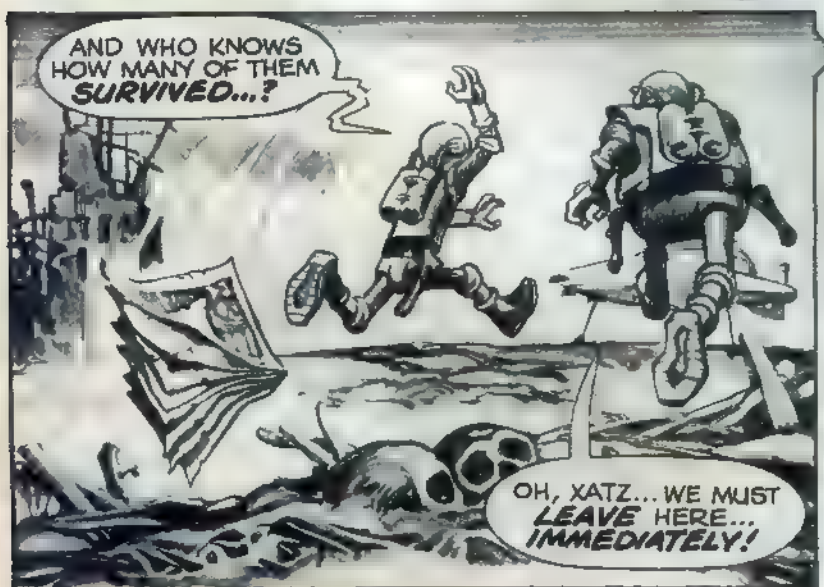
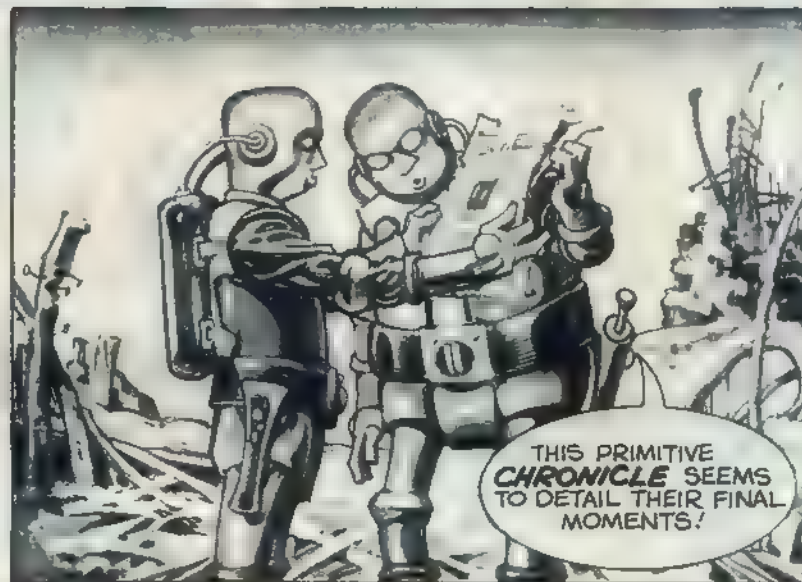
HURRIEDLY THE ABUSED AMAZON STUFFED A **GAG** INTO THE EVIL LORD'S MOUTH. ANDIF, GRATEFUL FOR THE ASSIST, EVER SO SLOWLY UNSHEATHED HIS **DAGGER**...

THE **COLLECTOR** COULD SEE BY THE DEADLY INTENT IN ANDIF'S EYES THAT HIS TIME **HAD** COME...

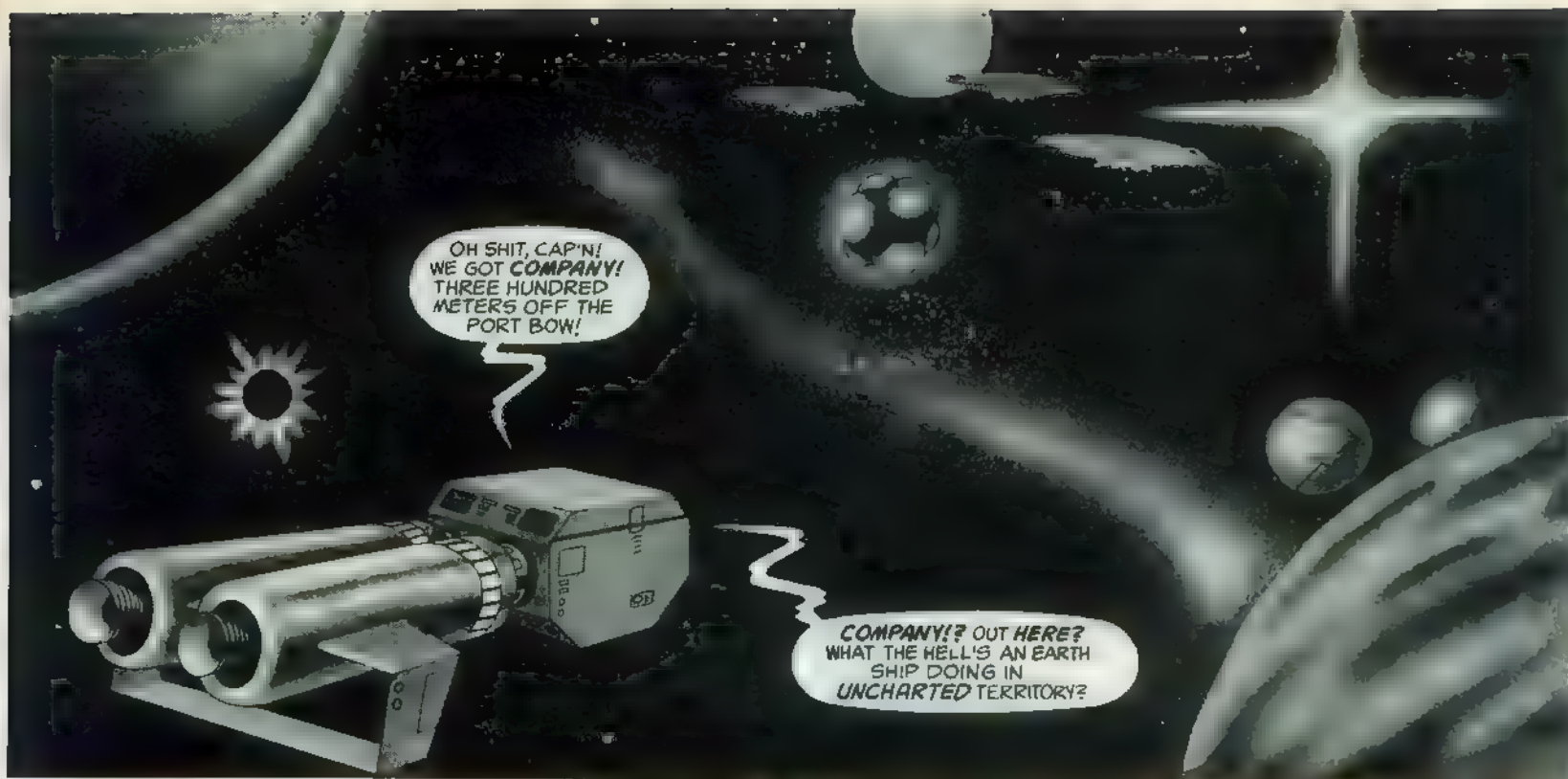
LEGEND HAS IT THAT THE **COLLECTOR** DID **NOT** DIE THAT DAY! SUFFICE IT TO SAY, HOWEVER, THAT NEVER AGAIN DID HE HAVE THE FAINTEST **SEXUAL URGE**...



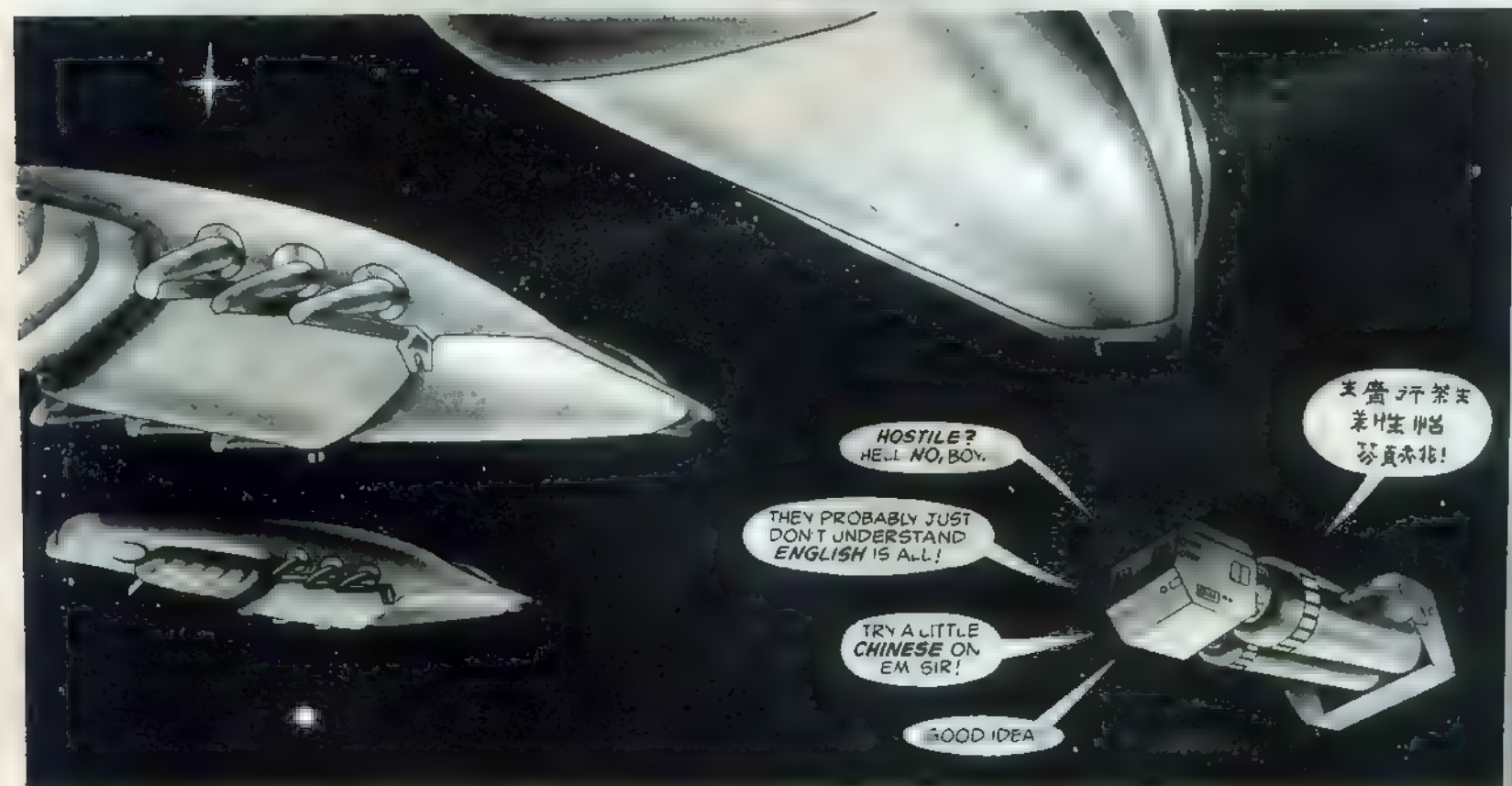
# THE SAGA OF XATZ AND XOTZ



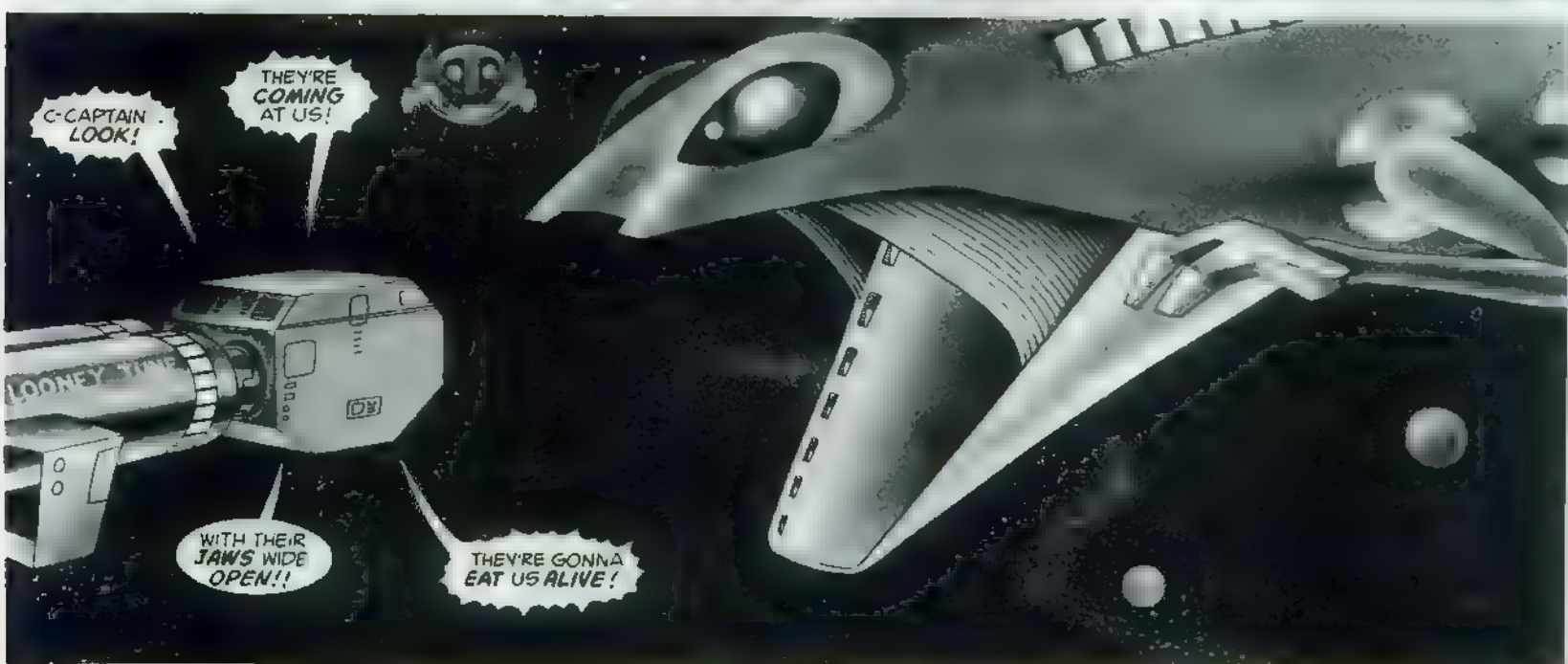




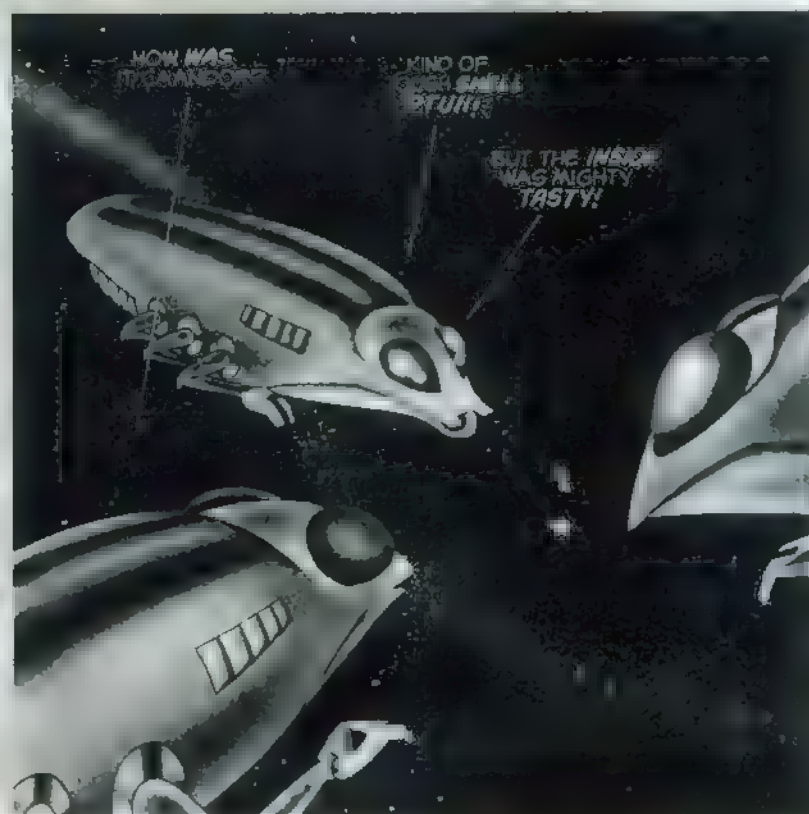




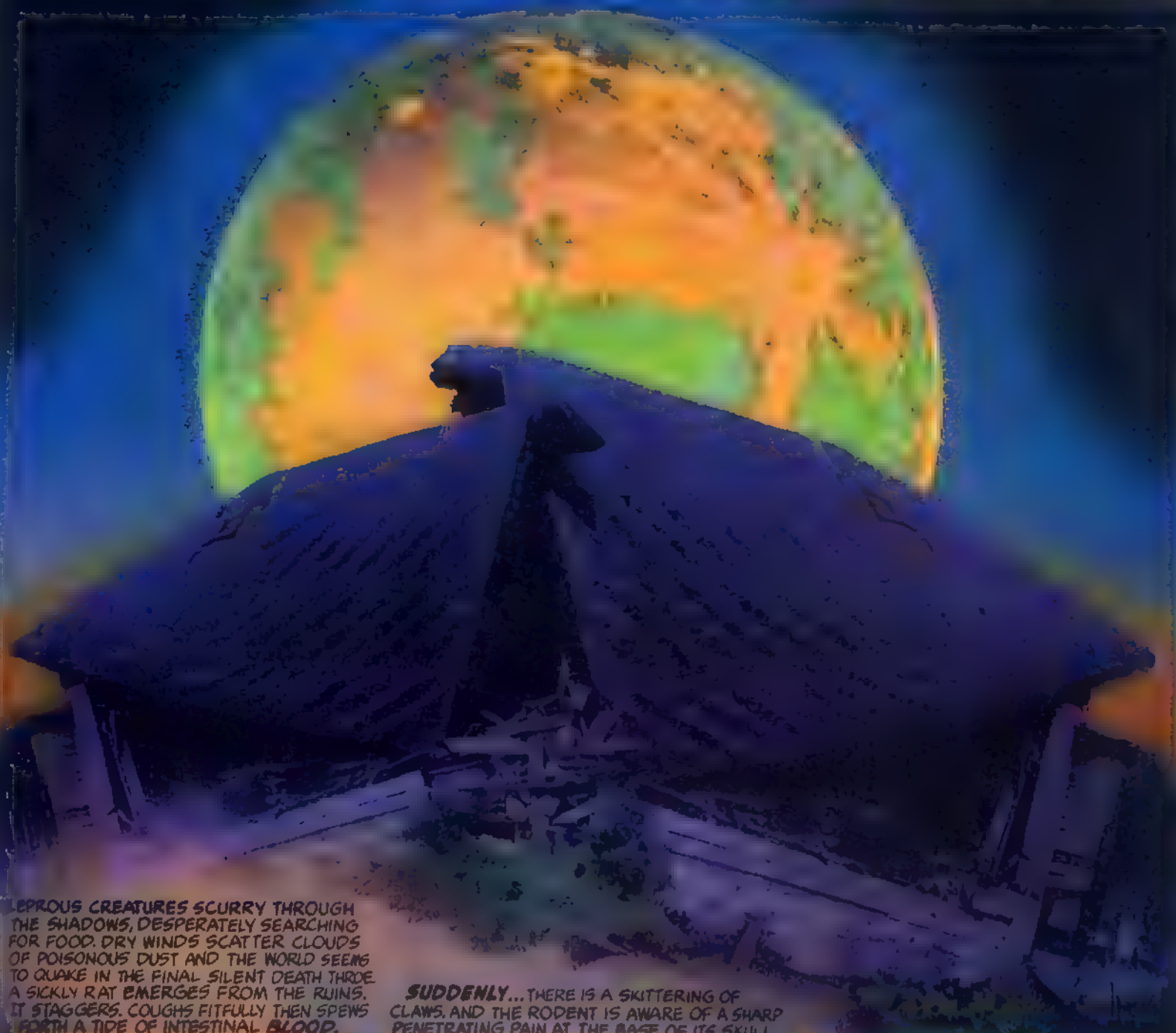












LEPROUS CREATURES SCURRY THROUGH THE SHADOWS, DESPERATELY SEARCHING FOR FOOD. DRY WINDS SCATTER CLOUDS OF POISONOUS DUST AND THE WORLD SEEMS TO SHAKE IN THE FINAL SILENT DEATH THROE. A SICKLY RAT EMERGES FROM THE RUINS. IT STAGGERS, COUGHS FITFULLY THEN SPEWS FORTH A TIDE OF INTESTINAL BLOOD.

**SUDDENLY...** THERE IS A SKITTERING OF CLAWS, AND THE RODENT IS AWARE OF A SHARP PENETRATING PAIN AT THE BASE OF ITS SKULL.

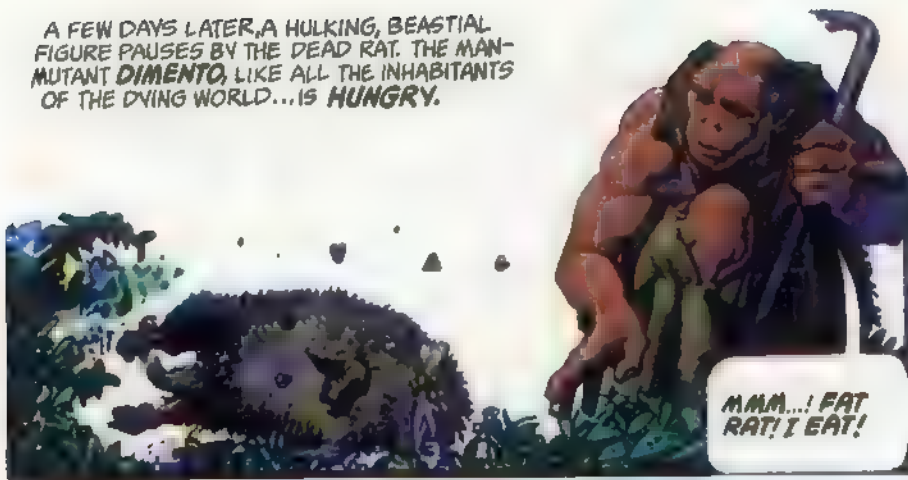


# MUTANT WORLD

THE RAT LEFT EGGS BURIED IN THE GROUND. UNFORTUNATELY, HOWEVER, ITS WOUNDED LUNGS WILL SOON BE GAWING AGONY. HUNGRY LARVA AND OTHER MONSTERS WILL BE ON THE MOVE.



A FEW DAYS LATER, A HULKING, BEASTIAL FIGURE PAUSES BY THE DEAD RAT. THE MAN-MUTANT **DIMENTO**, LIKE ALL THE INHABITANTS OF THE DYING WORLD... IS **HUNGRY**.



MMM...! FAT RAT! I EAT!

YEEUUCK!  
RAT GOT  
WORMS INSIDE.



DIMENTO NOT  
LIKE CRUNCHY  
WORMS.

BUT WHERE  
DIMENTO  
FIND FOOD?

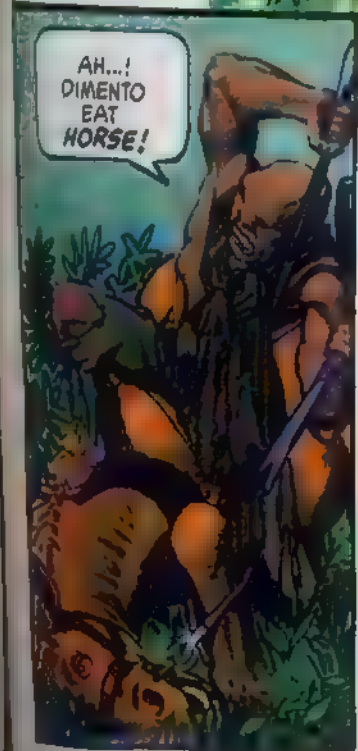
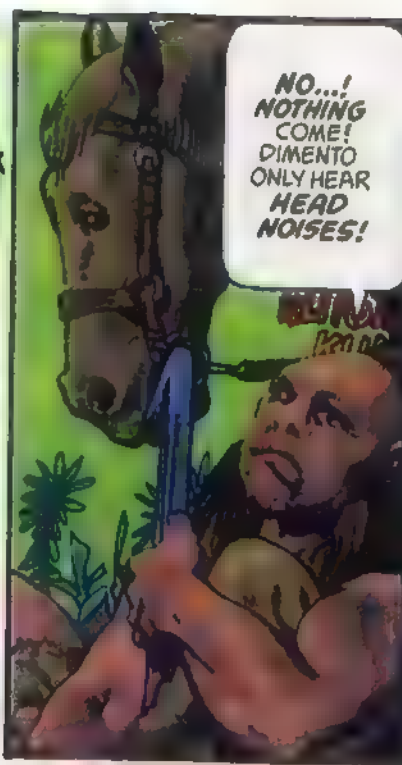


MAYBE... MAYBE  
I HIDE... AND  
FOOD COME  
ALONG TRAIL!

OOOH! STOMACH  
HURT! NOTHING COME  
BY HERE. FOOD NOT  
COOPERATIVE  
TODAY!











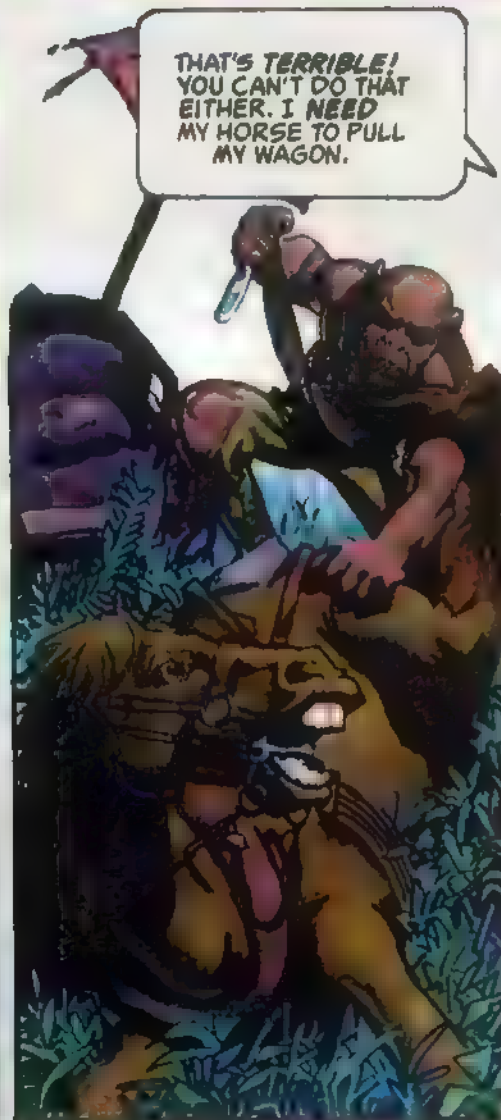
DIMENTO  
EAT  
WOMAN!

WHAT?  
NO! NOW  
WAIT A  
MINUTE.

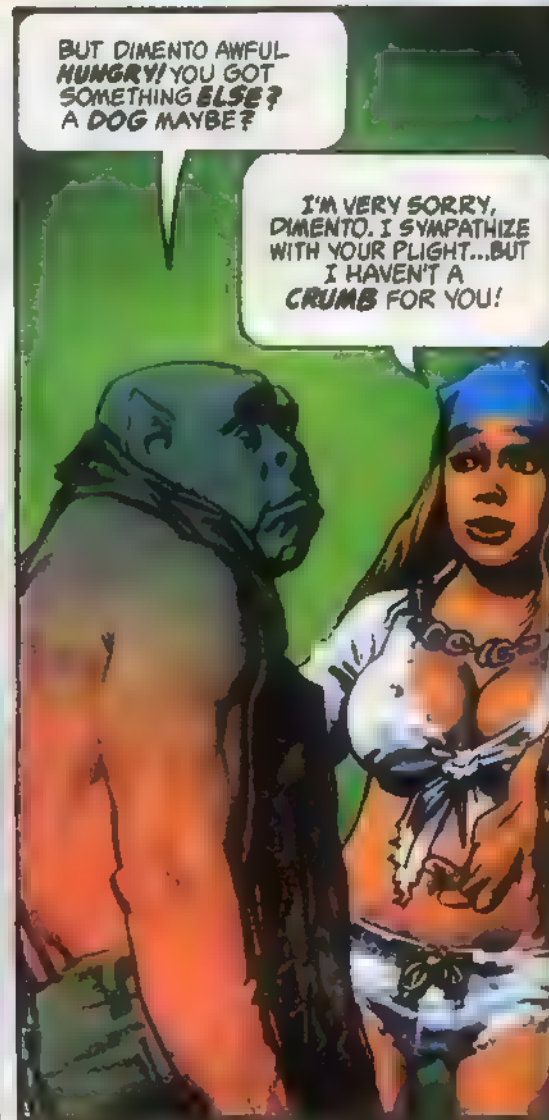
YOU CAN'T GO  
AROUND EATING  
PEOPLE! THAT'S  
CANNIBALISM!  
IT JUST  
ISN'T DONE!



HUH? WELL, I UH...  
DIMENTO WASN'T  
REALLY GOING TO  
EAT YOU...! YES...  
I EAT HORSE!



THAT'S TERRIBLE!  
YOU CAN'T DO THAT  
EITHER. I NEED  
MY HORSE TO PULL  
MY WAGON.



BUT DIMENTO AWFUL  
HUNGRY! YOU GOT  
SOMETHING ELSE?  
A DOG MAYBE?


I'M VERY SORRY,  
DIMENTO. I SYMPATHIZE  
WITH YOUR PLIGHT...BUT  
I HAVEN'T A  
CRUMB FOR YOU!



SOMEHOW  
THIS NOT WORK  
OUT FOR DIMENTO.

SAY! I KNOW WHERE YOU  
CAN FIND A DELICIOUS  
MEAL! A REGULAR  
CONNOISSEUR'S DELIGHT.  
I STUMBLED ONTO A NEST  
A WAYS BACK THERE...

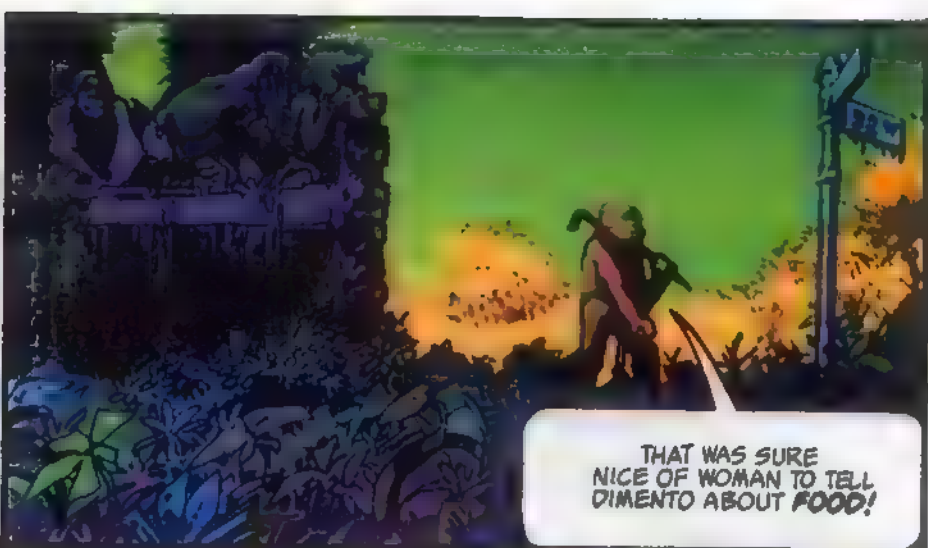




...HAD SOME GREAT LOOKIN' EGGS IN IT TOO! WOULD'DA TAKEN 'EM MYSELF IF I WASN'T IN SUCH A HURRY! YOU DO LIKE EGGS DON'T YOU?




EGGS YUMMY!



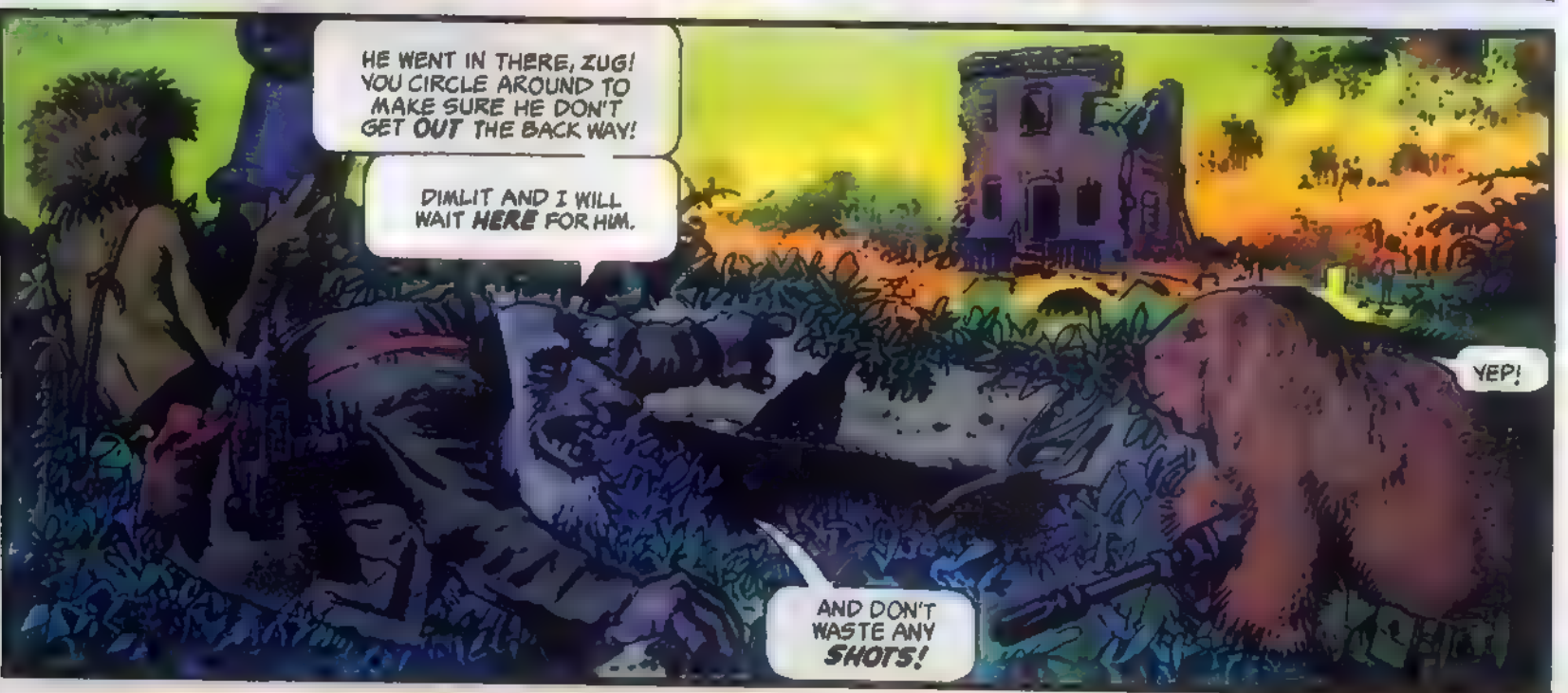
THAT WAS SURE NICE OF WOMAN TO TELL DIMENTO ABOUT FOOD!



MMMM! EGGS IN THERE!



AHH! BIG EGGS! A CONNOISSEUR'S DELIGHT SHE SAY... WHATEVER THAT MEAN!



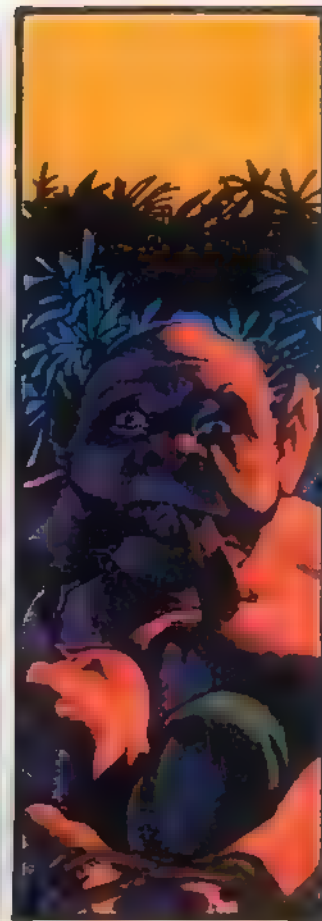
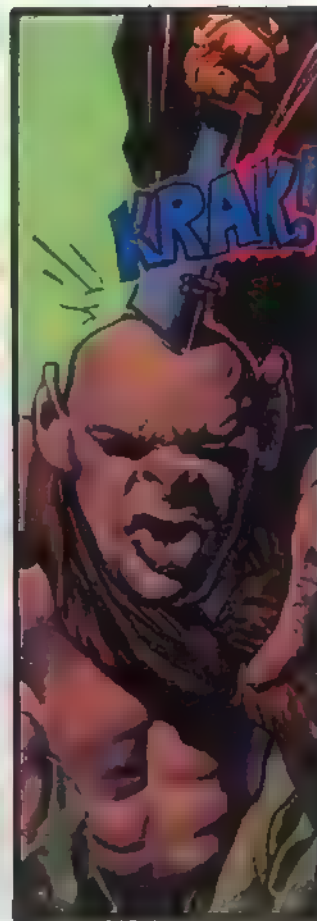
HE WENT IN THERE, ZUG! YOU CIRCLE AROUND TO MAKE SURE HE DON'T GET OUT THE BACK WAY!

DIMLIT AND I WILL WAIT HERE FOR HIM.

AND DON'T WASTE ANY SHOTS!

YEP!







GRRR! I'LL  
KILL THIS  
FRIGGIN' EGG!

LOOK, WEASEL.  
IT'S DOIN'  
SOMETHING.

HUH?

YAUGH!

STX!

ZZZZRRRRRZZZ

ZZZIIIP!

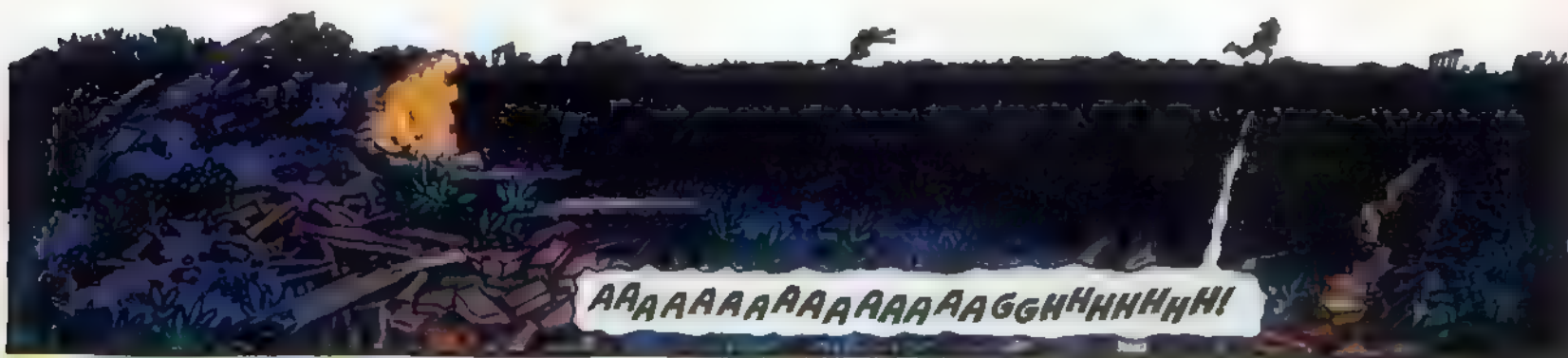
AAH! DIALIT!  
ZUG! GET THIS  
THING OFF ME!  
EEECHHH!

OOUGH!  
PULL! PULL! IT'S  
EATIN' ME! PULL  
IT OFF, YOU FOOLS!

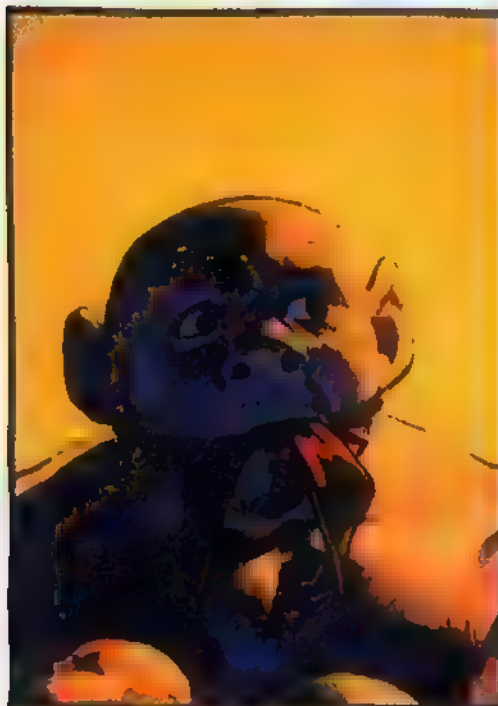
YAARGH!  
IT'S EATIN'  
MY GODDAMN  
WANGSNIPPER!

GAAAAA!





AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHH!



TOO BAD ABOUT WEASEL!



BUT DIMLIT'S NOT GOING HUNGRY!



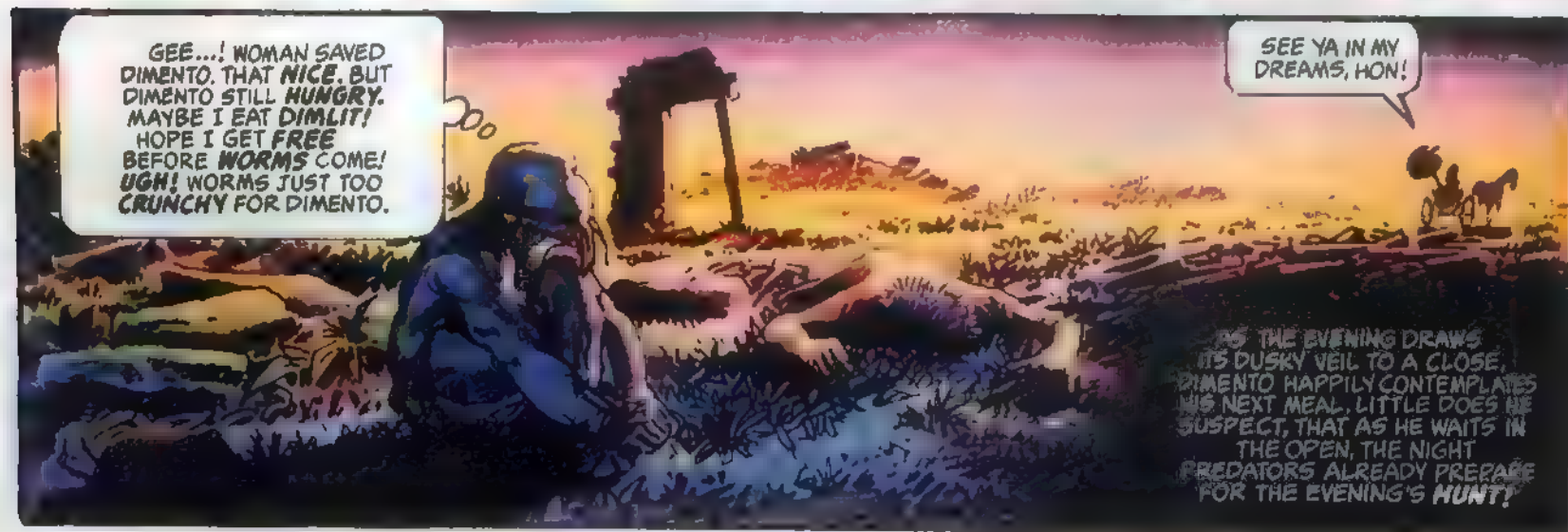
BLAM!



UH OH...!



HA! HA! GOOD SHOT WASN'T IT!



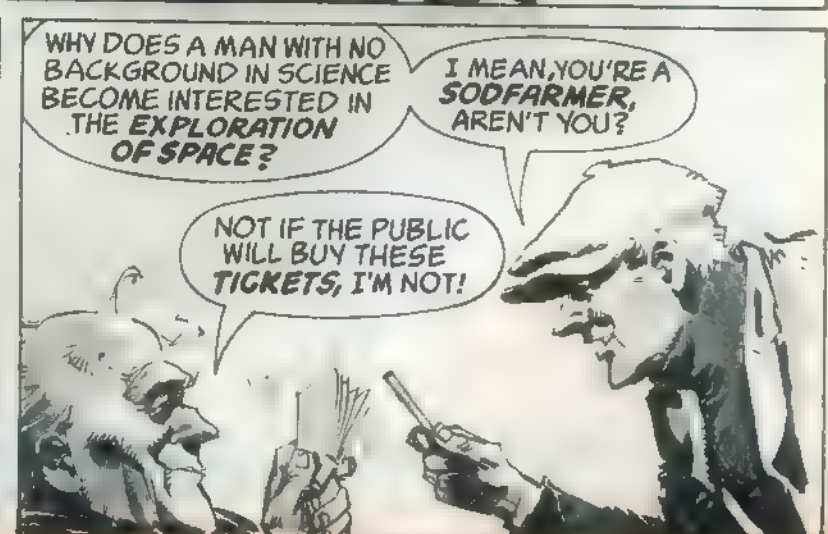
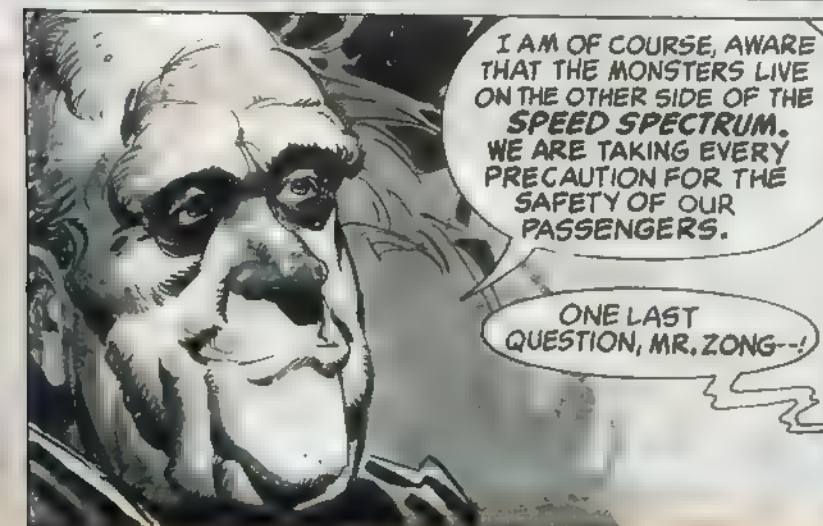
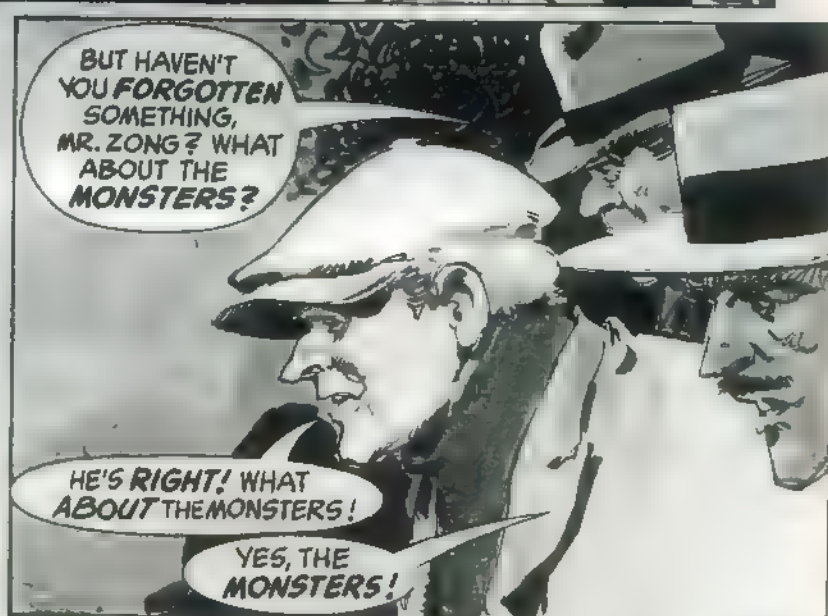
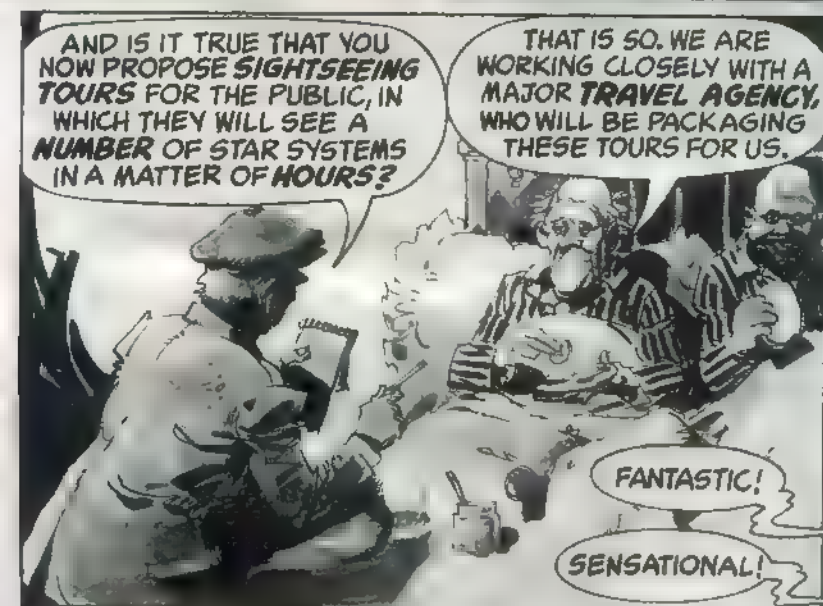
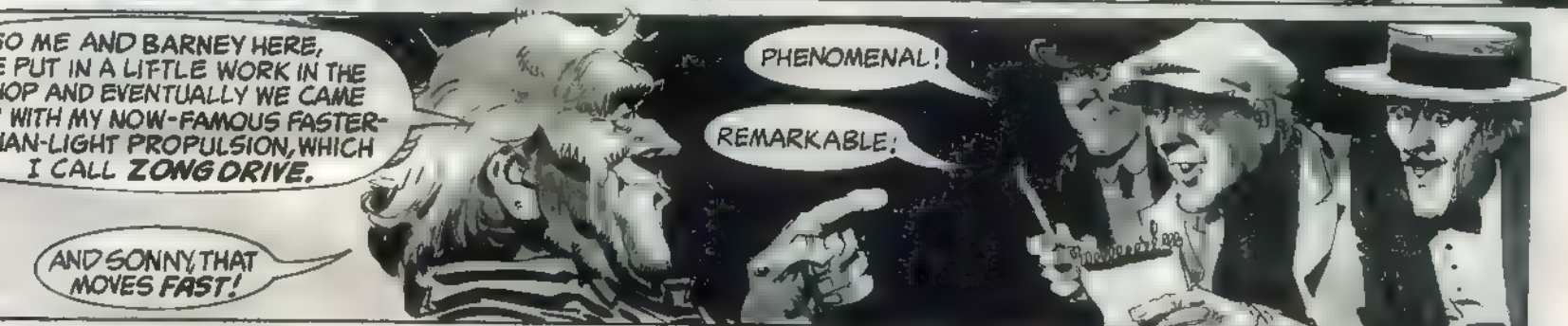
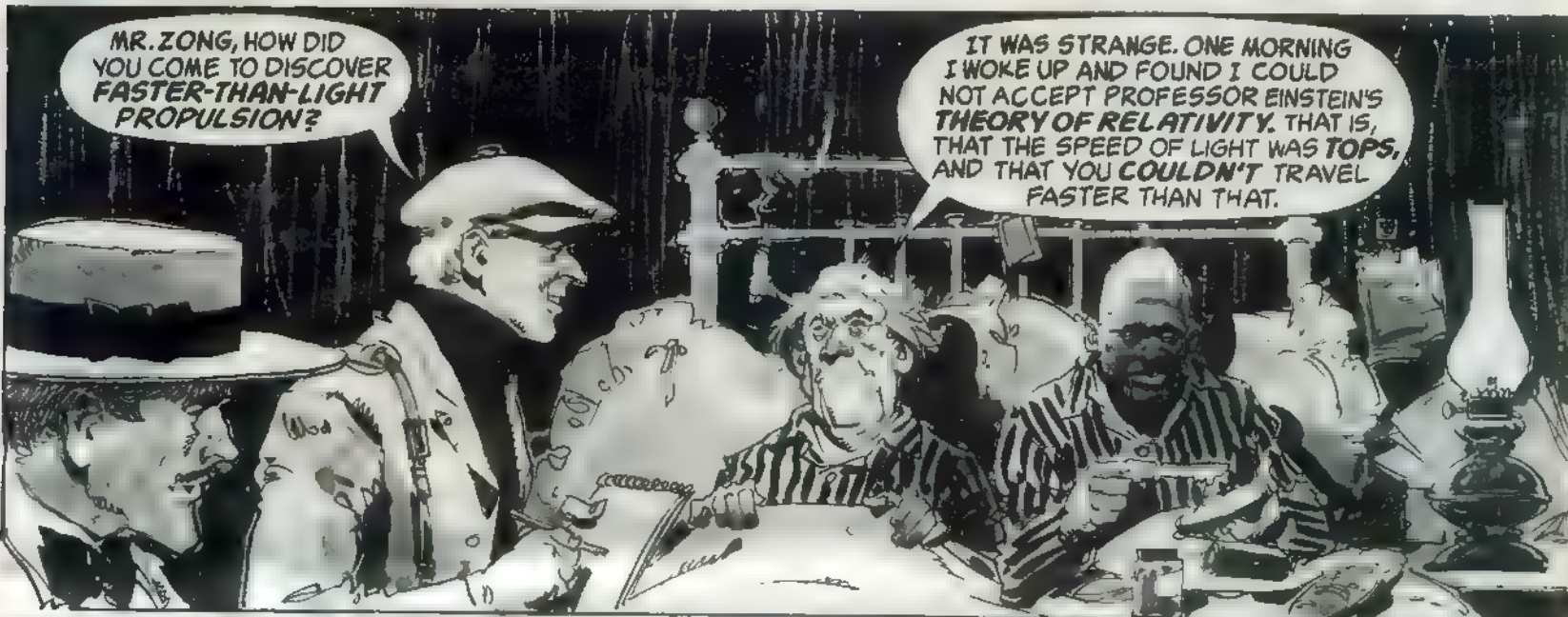
GEE...! WOMAN SAVED DIMENTO. THAT NICE. BUT DIMENTO STILL HUNGRY. MAYBE I EAT DIMLIT! HOPE I GET FREE BEFORE WORMS COME! UGH! WORMS JUST TOO CRUNCHY FOR DIMENTO.

SEE YA IN MY DREAMS, HON!

AS THE EVENING DRAWS ITS DUSKY VEIL TO A CLOSE, DIMENTO HAPPILY CONTEMPLATES HIS NEXT MEAL. LITTLE DOES HE SUSPECT, THAT AS HE WAITS IN THE OPEN, THE NIGHT PREDATORS ALREADY PREPARE FOR THE EVENING'S HUNT!



OCT. 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1926.  
HANNIBAL, MISSOURI.  
THE BEDROOM OF  
**ELIAS NEWTON  
ZONG**, SODFARMER  
AND AMATEUR  
INVENTOR.





# FASTER THAN LIGHT INTERSTELLAR TRAVEL

See  
the  
Stars

Reserve  
Now

Galaxies  
Galore

Good  
Food

Visit  
24 Planets  
in  
24 Hours

Behold  
the  
Wonders  
of the  
Universe

Live  
Stage  
Shows

HEY, HONEY-I'VE GOT  
A **SWELL** IDEA! INSTEAD  
OF GOING TO PISMO BEACH  
THIS YEAR, LET'S SPEND  
OUR VACATION ON  
**ALPHA-CENTAURI!**

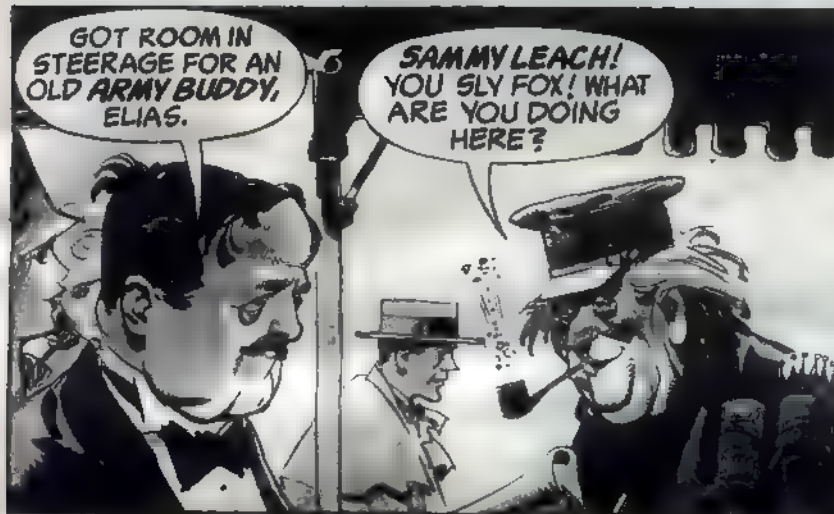
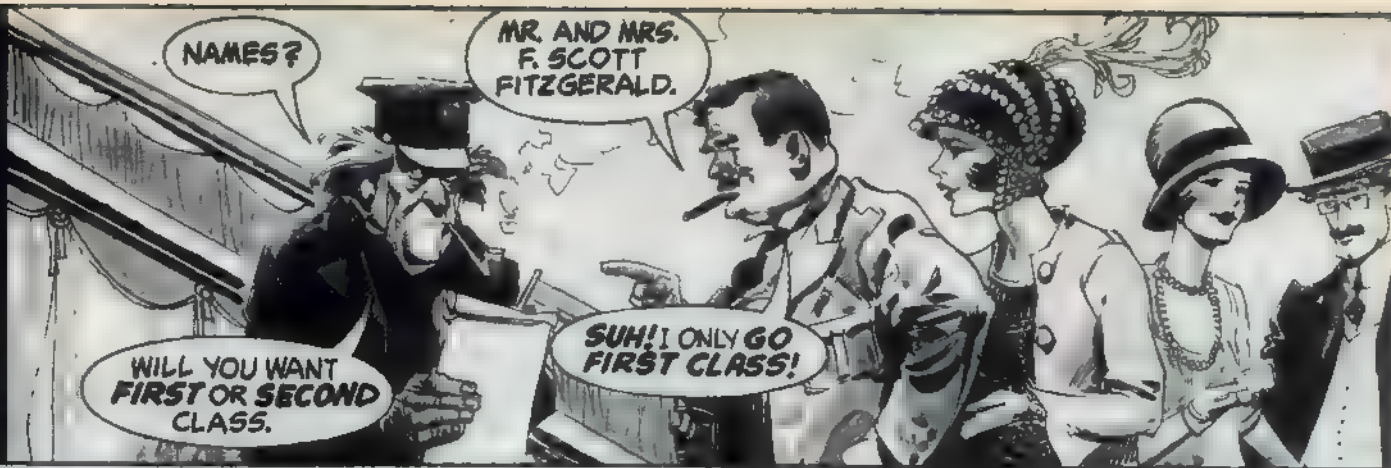
**SWELL** IDEA,  
SWEETHEART! THE  
CHILDREN WILL ENJOY  
THE CHANGE OF  
PACE!



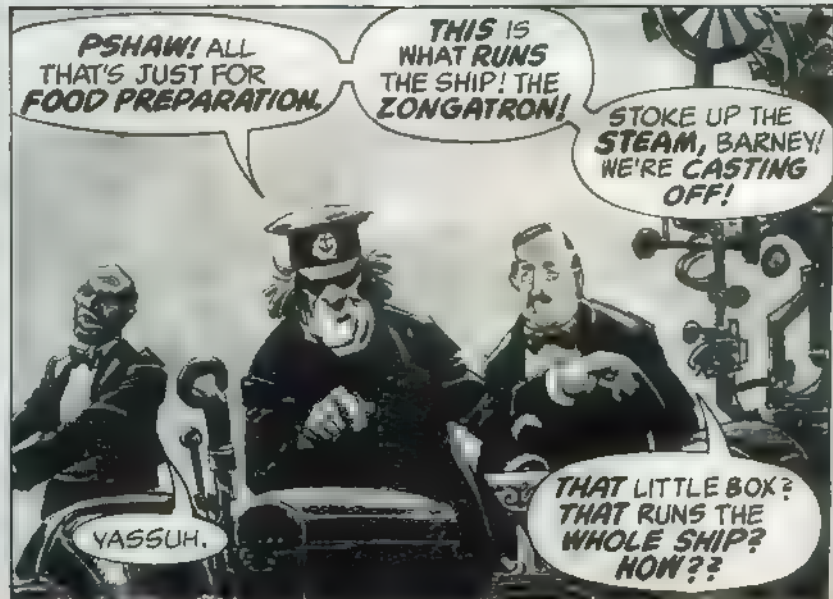
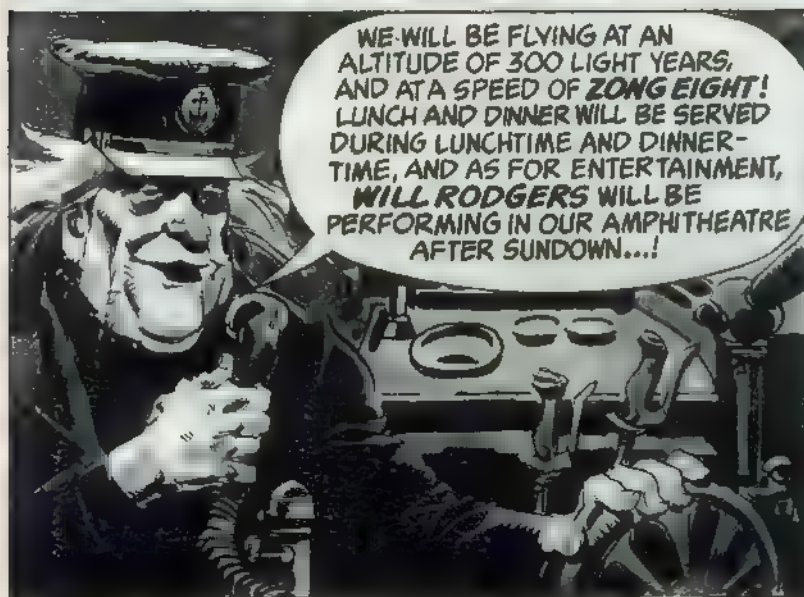
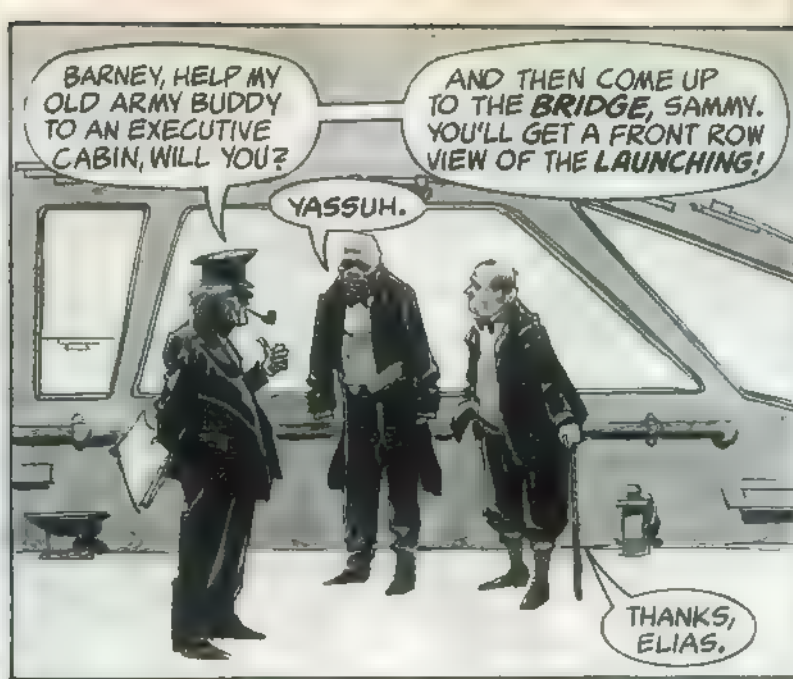
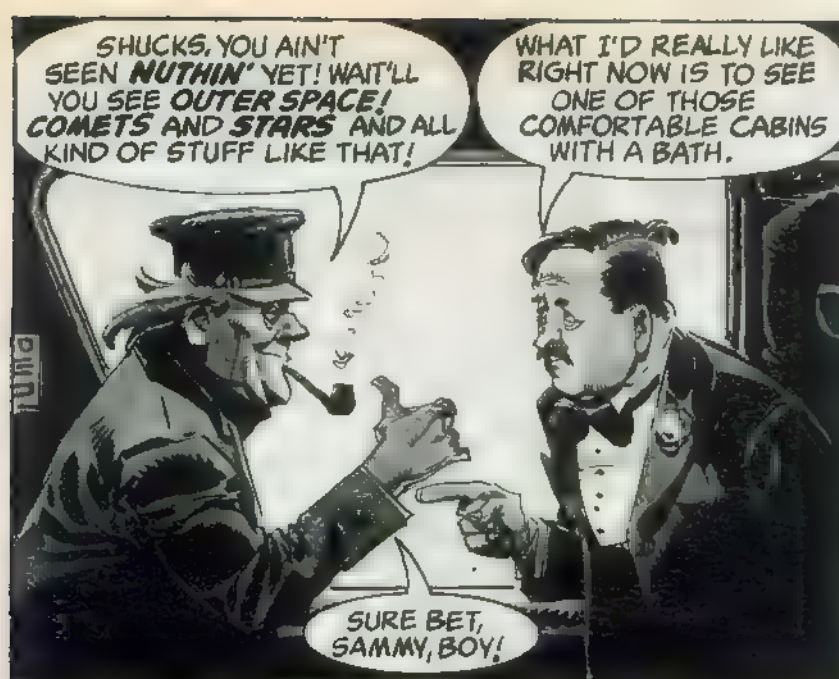
FROM E.N. ZONG & CO. YOUR GUIDES TO THE STARS



WORD SPREADS  
FAST OF THE  
WONDROUS RIDE  
TO THE STARS  
OFFERED BY  
ELIAS ZONG,  
ATTRACTING THE  
FAMOUS AND NOT-  
SO-FAMOUS  
TO THE BANKS OF  
THE MISSISSIPPI,  
NEAR HANNIBAL.









'IT'S ALL VERY **SCIENTIFIC**, BUT I'LL TRY TO EXPLAIN: WHAT KIND OF WHEEL MAKES MORE ROTATIONS WHEN TURNED AT THE SAME RATE OF SPEED: A **BIG** WHEEL OR A **SMALL** WHEEL?'



'RIGHT! AND THE **SMALLER** THE WHEEL?...'

'THE FASTER IT **ROTATES**...



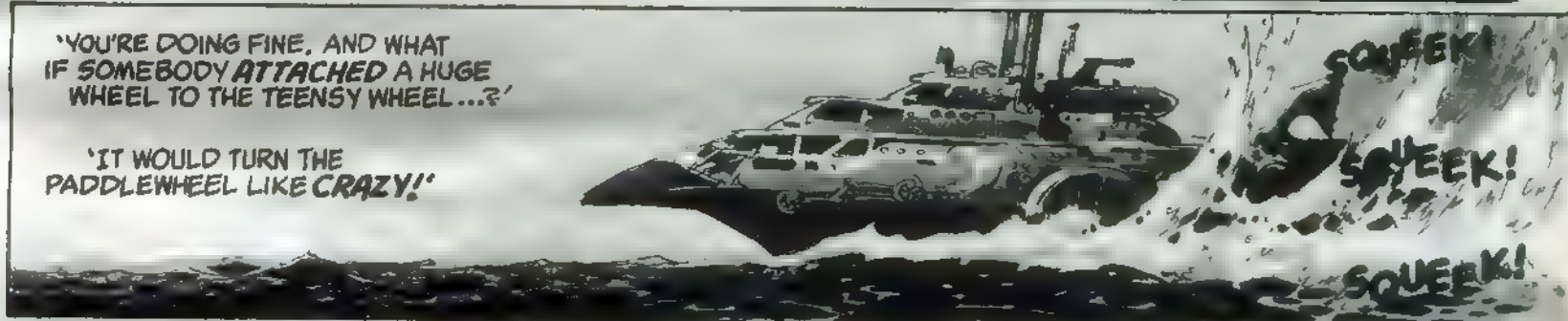
'AND WHAT IF SOMEBODY BUILT A TEENSY-WEENSY LITTLE BABY WHEEL THAT YOU COULD HARDLY EVEN SEE...?'



'IT WOULD ROTATE **EXTREMELY** FAST. I GUESS. I THINK.'

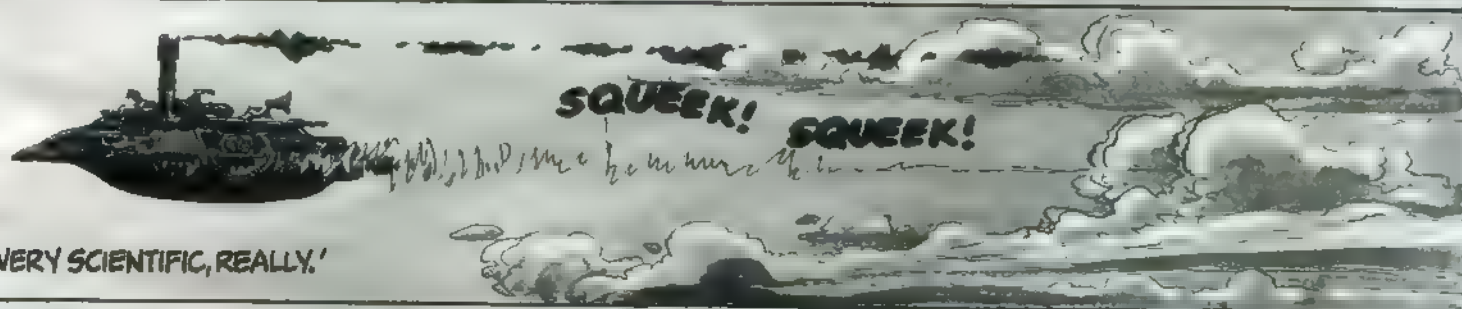
'YOU'RE DOING FINE, AND WHAT IF SOMEBODY **ATTACHED** A HUGE WHEEL TO THE TEENSY WHEEL...?'

'IT WOULD TURN THE PADDLEWHEEL LIKE **CRAZY!**'



'AND IF YOU REALLY GAVE THAT LITTLE WHEEL THE **STEAM**...?'

'THE SHIP WILL **SPRING** OUT OF THE WATER AND RIGHT INTO **OUTER-SPACE!**'



'IT'S ALL VERY **SCIENTIFIC**, REALLY.'

A MARVELOUS INVENTION THE ZONGATRON WOULDN'T YOU SAY?

VERY MARVELOUS. VERY, VERY MARVELOUS.

BARNEY, WE NEED MORE STEAM!

YASSUH.



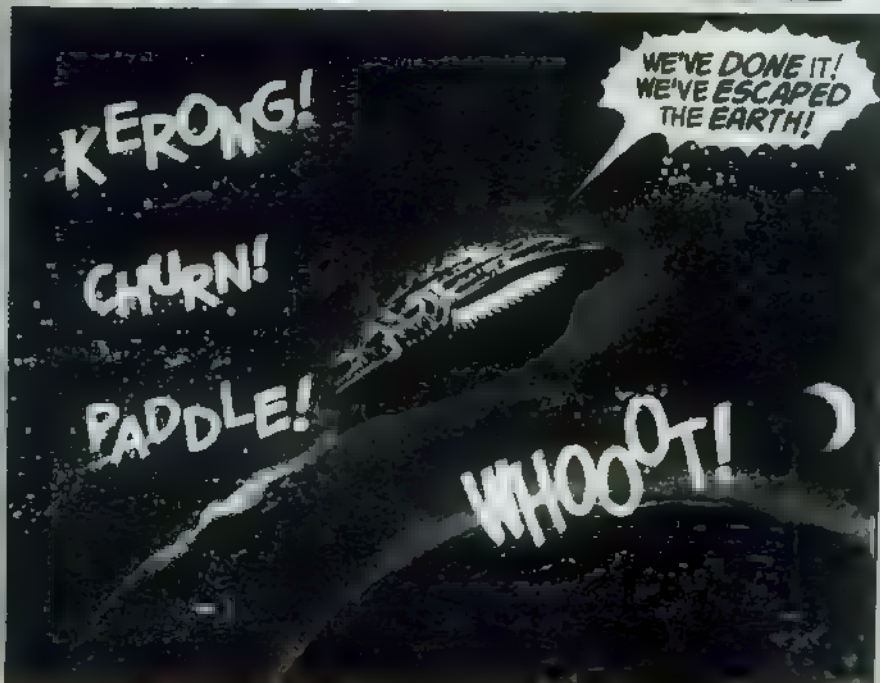
KERONG!

CHURN!

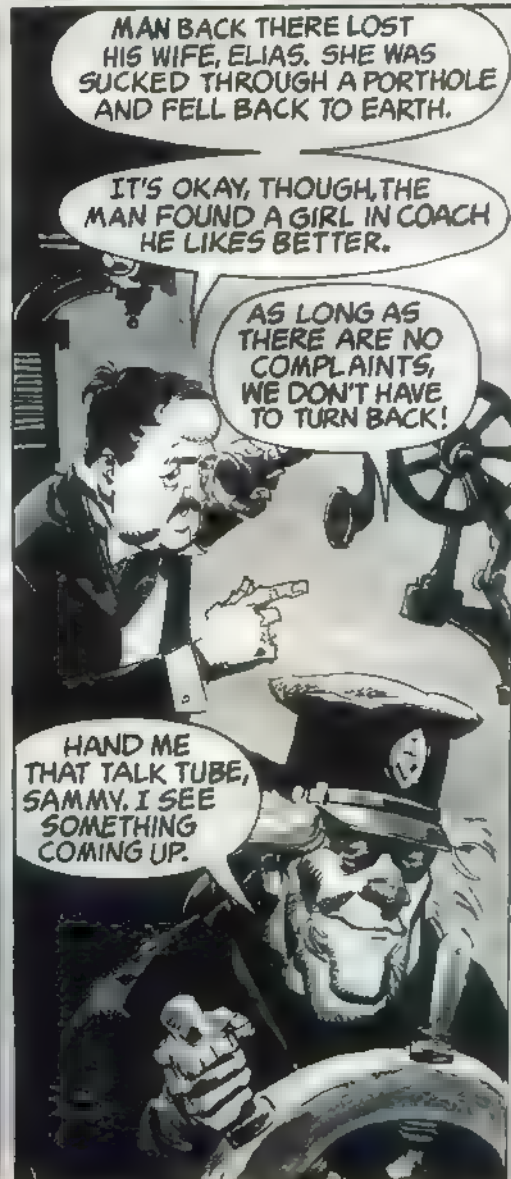
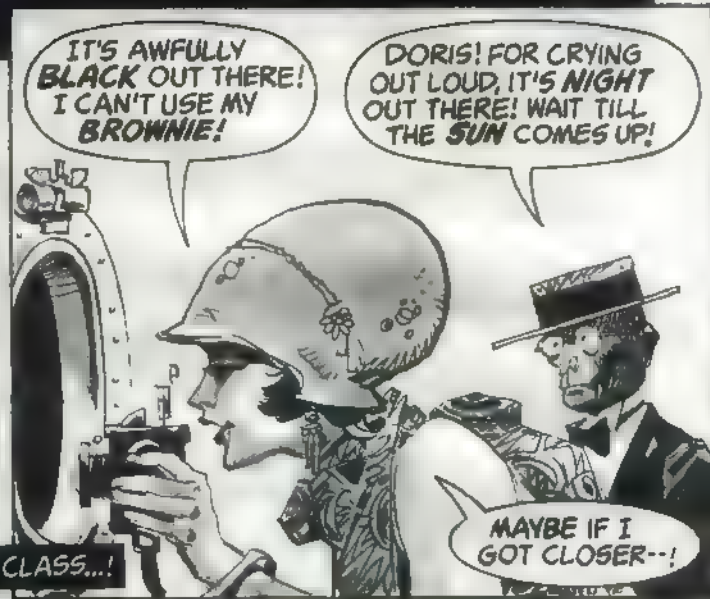
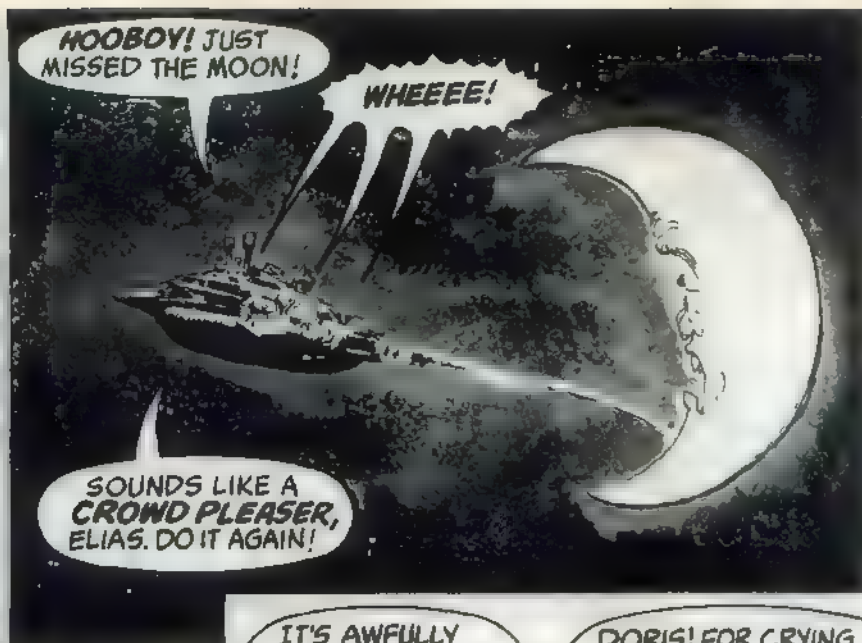
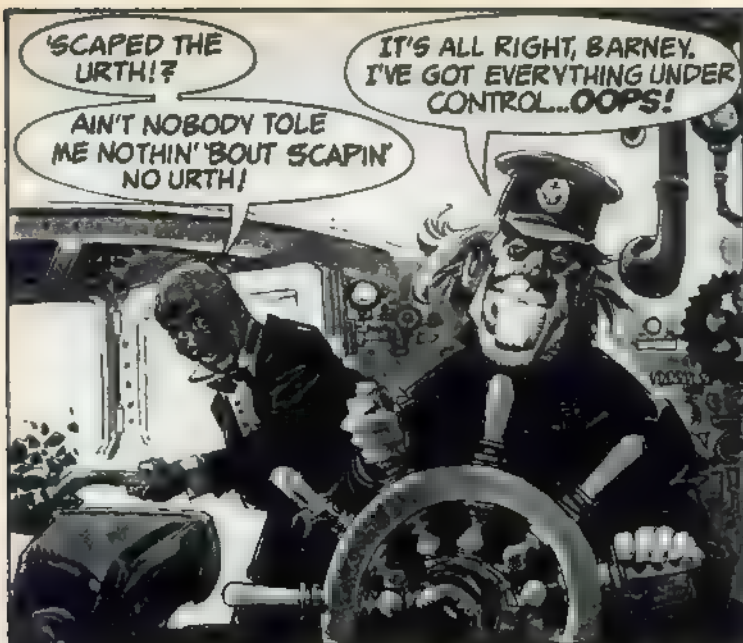
PADDLE!

WE'VE DONE IT! WE'VE ESCAPED THE EARTH!

WHOOOT!









YOUR ATTENTION, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. IF YOU WILL LOOK OUT YOUR PORTSIDE, YOU WILL SEE ONE OF THE MOST **SPECTACULAR** PHENOMENON IN THE GALAXY.

THE BIRTH OF A PLANET!

SLUUKK!

THERE IT GOES! A HEALTHY NEWBORN PLANET!

A RARE, RARE SIGHT... BROUGHT TO YOU BY E.N. ZONG AND CO.

AWWWWWN!

IT'S SO CUTE!

COOCHY! COOCHY!

POPP!

YOU'VE WON THE PASSENGERS OVER, ELIAS. YOU'VE REALLY GOT A MONEY-MAKING OPERATION HERE.

I'M GONNA MAKE A BUNDLE, BROTHER.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IF YOU WILL NOW LOOK OUT YOUR **STARBOARD**...

YOU'LL SEE THE FAMOUS NAVIGATOR OF THE SAILORS, THE ORIGINAL **NORTH STAR**.

BRRR!

SOMEBODY TURN UP THE HEAT!

ZONG! ZONG! ZONG!

HEAR THAT?

WE'VE BROKEN THE ZONG BARRIER!

WELL I DIN' BUST IT.

NO, NO! THE ZONG BARRIER IS FINE, BARNEY! WHAT THAT MEANS IS WE'RE NOW TRAVELING FASTER THAN THE **SPEED OF LIGHT**!

LAND O'GOSHINS!

GOLLY WOBBLERS!

WE'VE GOT TO CELEBRATE!





BARNEY, GET A BOTTLE OF WINE FOR US FROM THE WINE CELLAR, WILL YOU?

YASSUH!

YOU HAVE A WINE CELLAR TOO?

WELL, SORT OF!

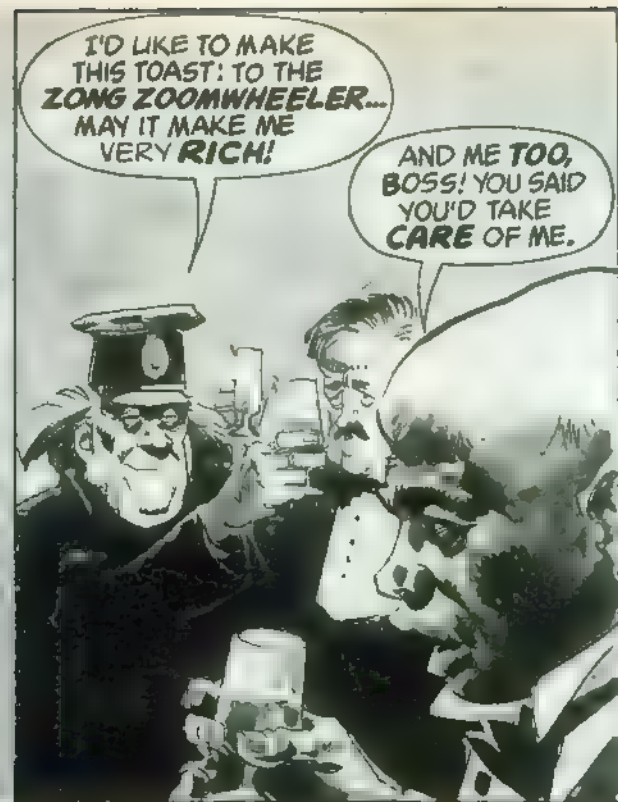


IT'S A TRAPDOOR, REALLY... LEADING TO THE OUTSIDE.

IT KEEPS THE WINE AND BEER REAL COLD.

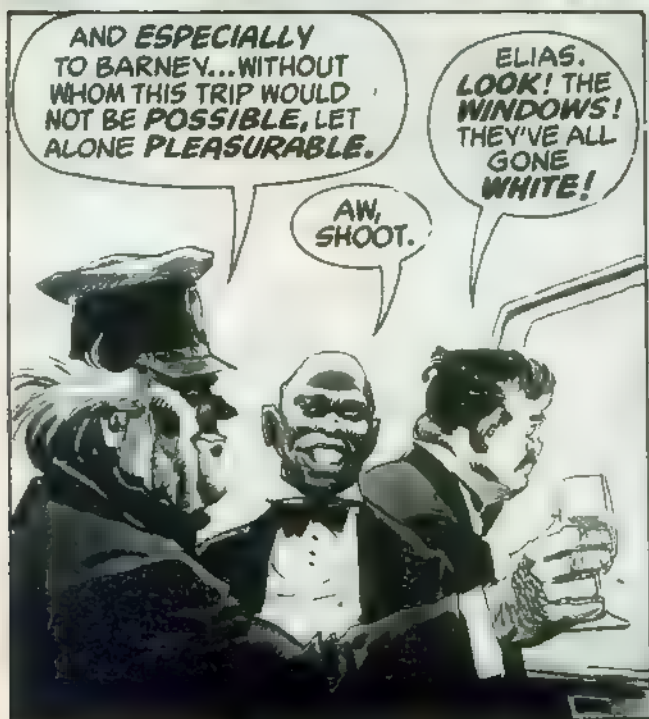
YOU'RE AN ASTONISHING MAN, ELIAS.

THAT I AM.



I'D LIKE TO MAKE THIS TOAST: TO THE ZONG ZOOMWHEELER... MAY IT MAKE ME VERY RICH!

AND ME TOO, BOSS! YOU SAID YOU'D TAKE CARE OF ME.



AND ESPECIALLY TO BARNEY... WITHOUT WHOM THIS TRIP WOULD NOT BE POSSIBLE, LET ALONE PLEASURABLE.

AW, SHOOT.

ELIAS. LOOK! THE WINDOWS! THEY'VE ALL GONE WHITE!



WE'VE JUST PASSED THROUGH THE MILKY WAY, THAT'S ALL, SAMMY!

SEE? WE'RE OUT OF IT NOW! NOTHING TO FEAR.



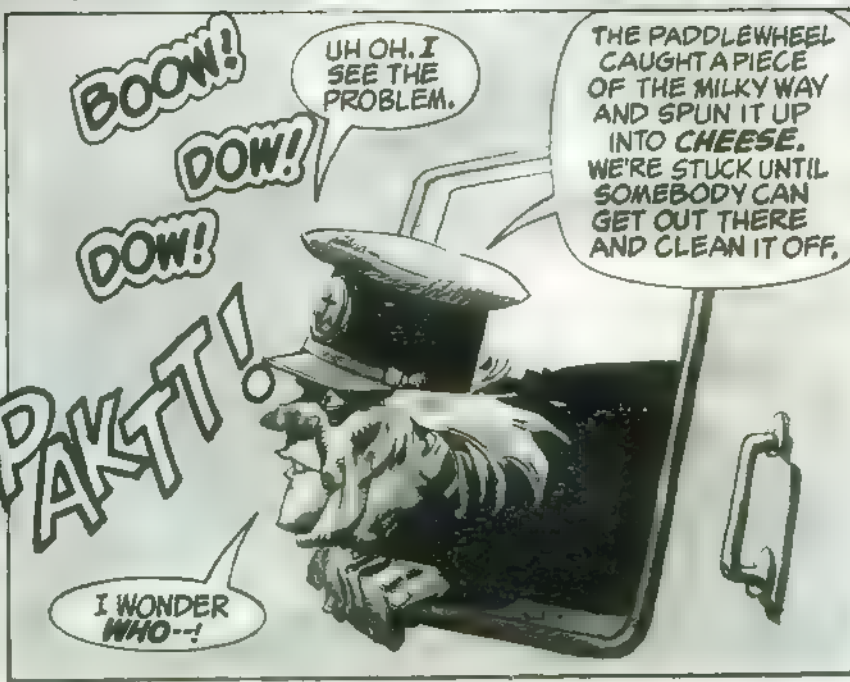
WHAPPA-WHAPPA-WHAP

NOW WHAT'S THE MATTER?

WHY HAVE WE STOPPED?

YOU LOOK FRIGHTENED, ELIAS!

I HAVE REASON TO BE.



BOON!

DOW!

DOW!

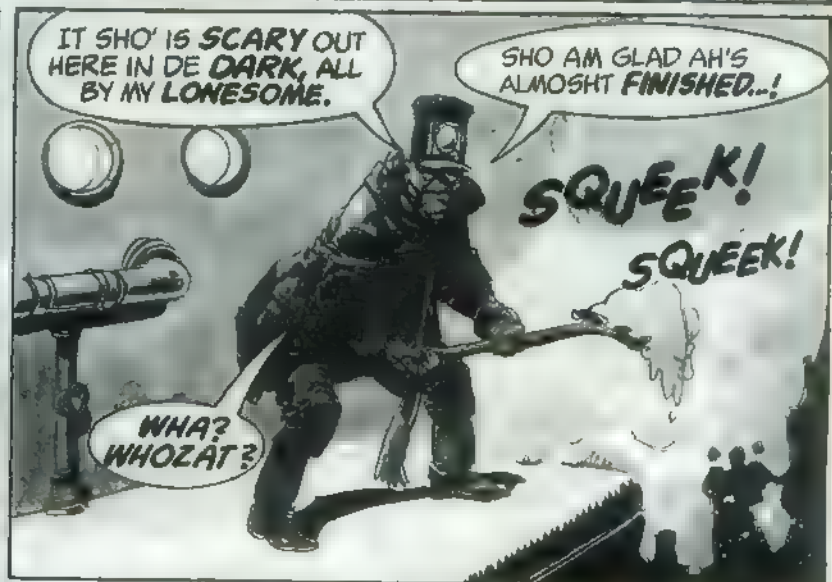
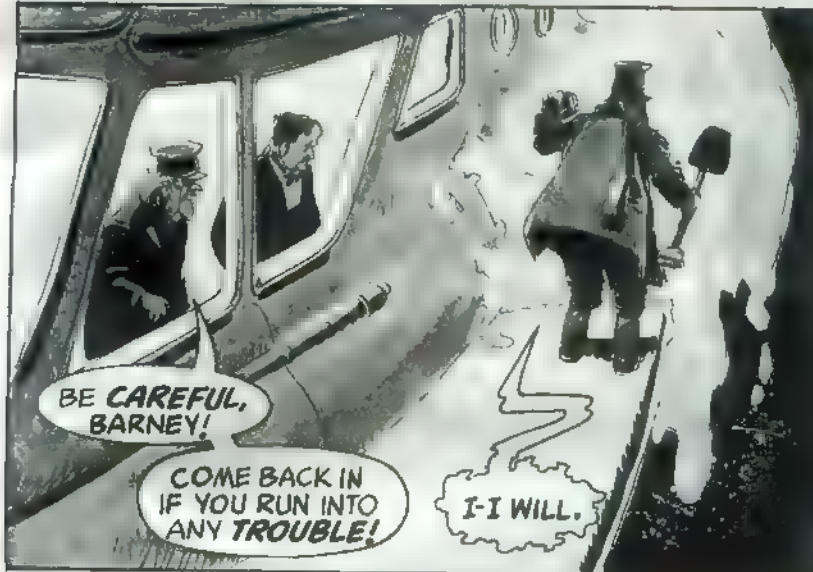
SPAKT!

I WONDER WHO--!

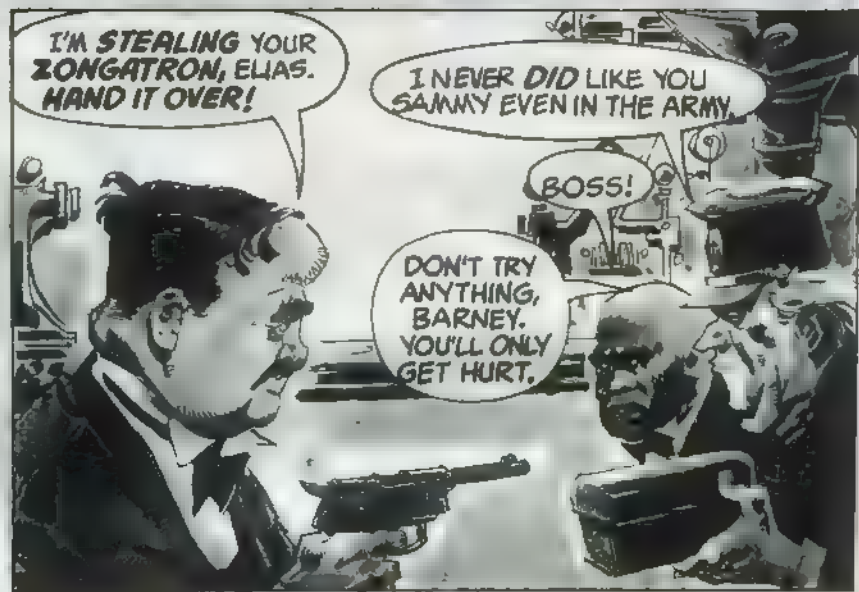
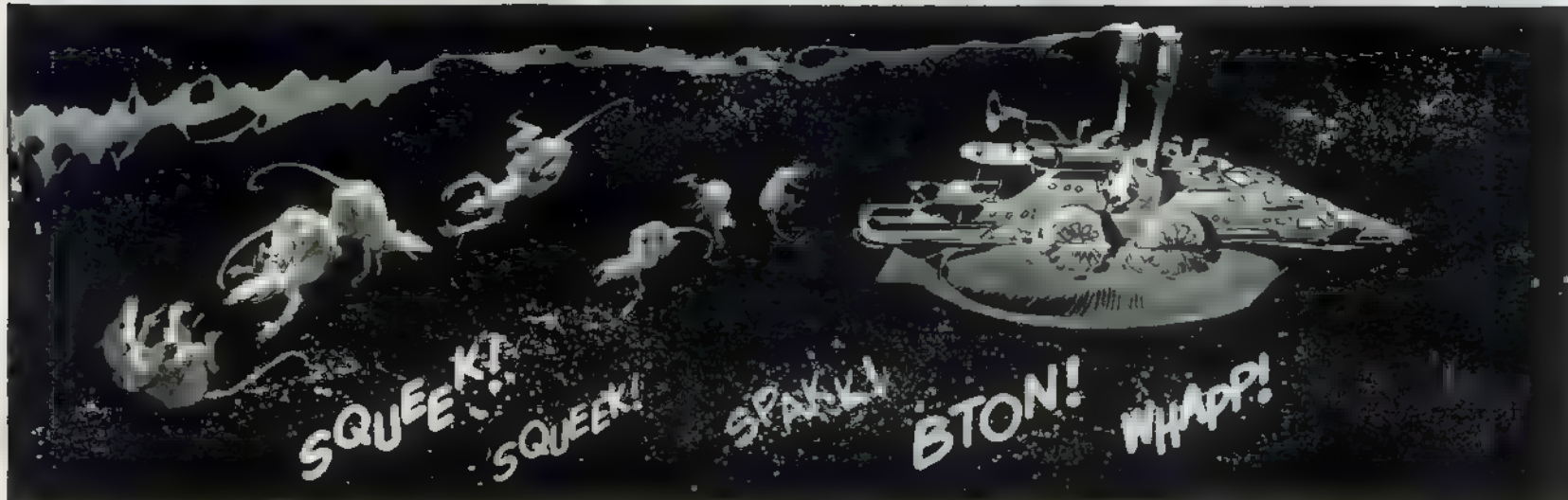
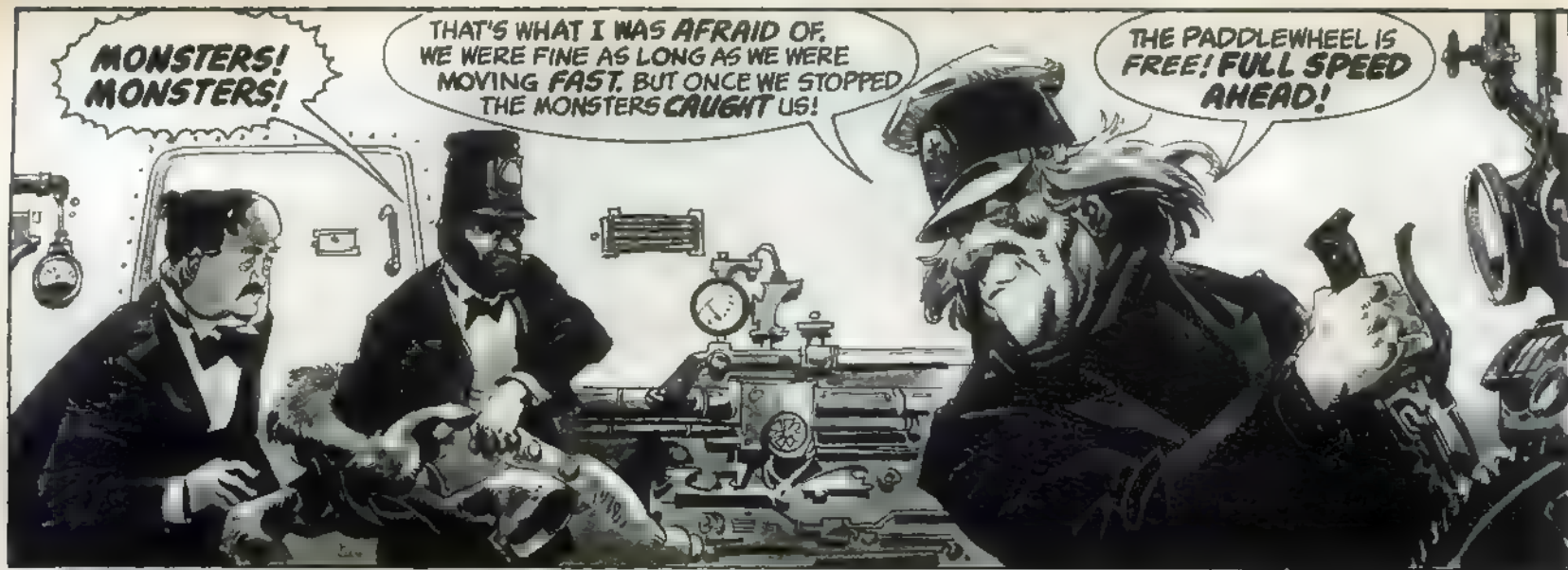
UH OH. I SEE THE PROBLEM.

THE PADDLEWHEEL CAUGHT A PIECE OF THE MILKY WAY AND SPUN IT UP INTO CHEESE. WE'RE STUCK UNTIL SOMEBODY CAN GET OUT THERE AND CLEAN IT OFF.

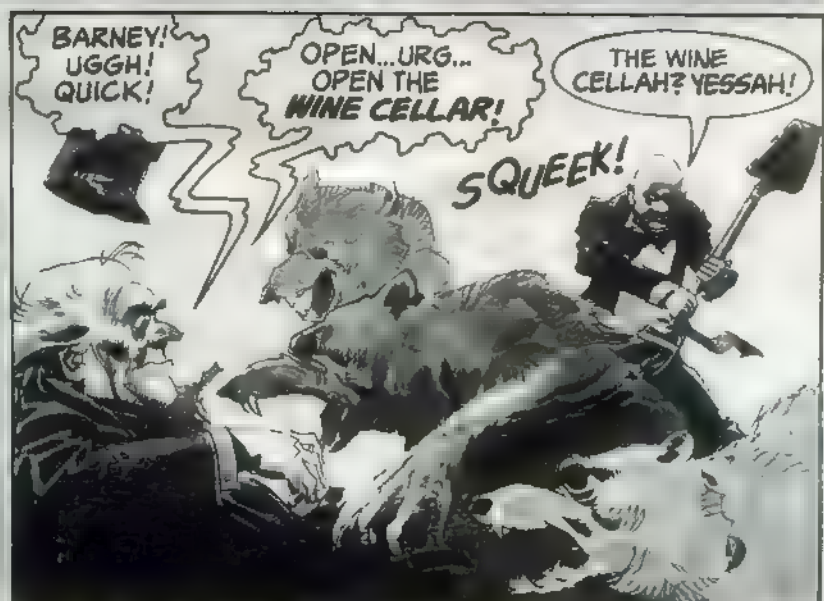
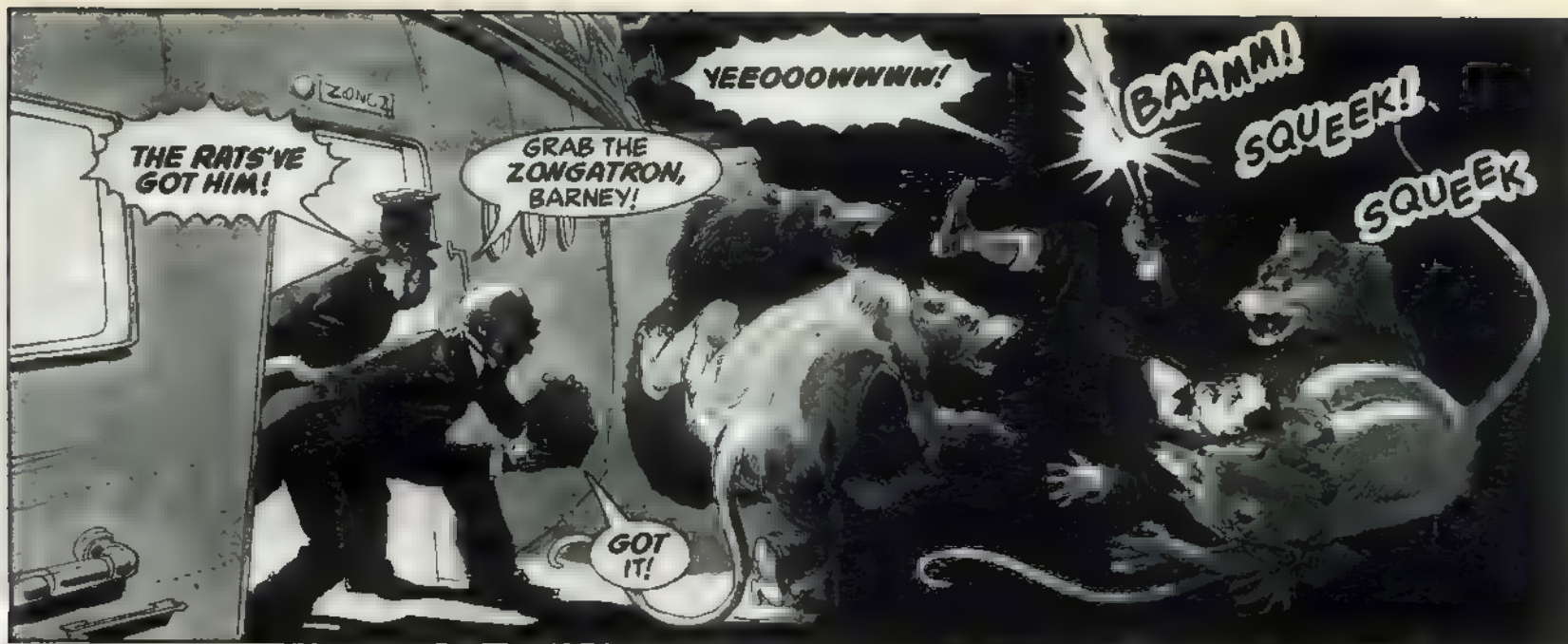




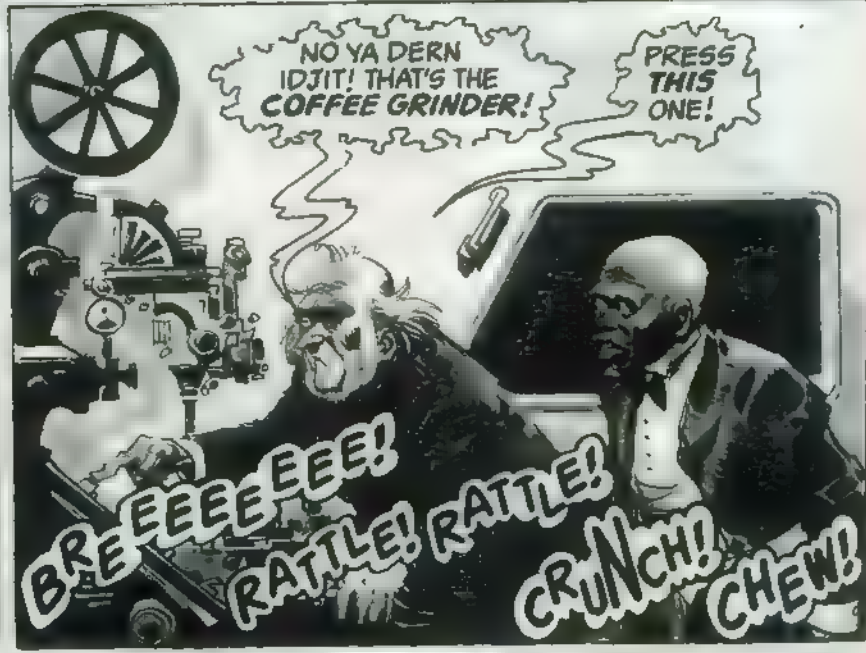

















# 2014




HOLD IT RIGHT  
THERE, JOYRAG! ANOTHER  
STEP AND I'LL POP YER  
CHERRIES!




**BANDIT!**  
COMIN' IN  
DUE EAST!




BUT... I... I  
HAVE A MESSAGE  
FOR THE  
BISHOP!



THE BISHOP  
AIN'T GRANTIN'  
AUDIENCE  
T'DAY!



...AND WE'LL  
THINK ABOUT  
LETTIN' YA  
IN!



NOW IF YA  
WANNA LEAVE  
IT WITH ME...  
FATHER LOVE...  
YA CAN CRAWL  
ON YER HANDS  
AND KNEES T'  
THE GATE 'A  
OUR HOLY  
ARCADE...





AWRIGHT, PECKERWOOD! GIMME THAT MESSAGE AND GET YOUR SCRAGGLY ASS OVER THERE WHERE SISTER MERCY'S ALL-GIRL HIT PARADE CAN KEEP AN EYE ON YA!

WON'T DO T' HAVE YA RUNNIN' 'ROUND DESECRATIN' THIS HOLY PLACE!



LESS' SEE WHAT ALL THIS IS 'BOUT...!

"MOST HOLY EMINENCE-- SPARE AN ANGEL! THE TORMENTS OF HELL REDEEM YOUR CHILD'S SOUL FOR ONLY FIFTY AUTOMATIC RIFLES AND TWO CASELOADS OF FOOD!-- RESPECTFULLY YOURS, COLONEL BLOOD!"

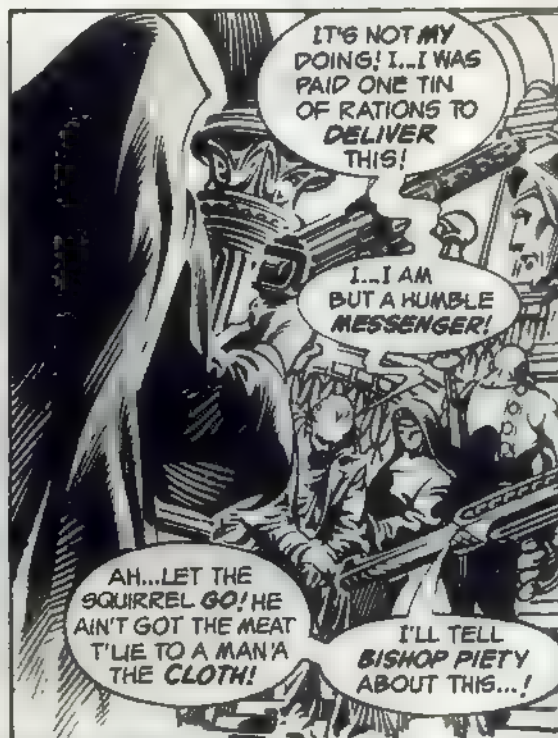


WHAT!?

SUCK LEAD DUNG HEAP!

YOU'VE KIDNAPPED ANGEL?!

N-NO... PLEASE!



IT'S NOT MY DOING! I... I WAS PAID ONE TIN OF RATIONS TO DELIVER THIS!

I... I AM BUT A HUMBLE MESSENGER!

AH... LET THE SQUIRREL GO! HE AIN'T GOT THE MEAT T' LIE TO A MAN 'A THE CLOTH!

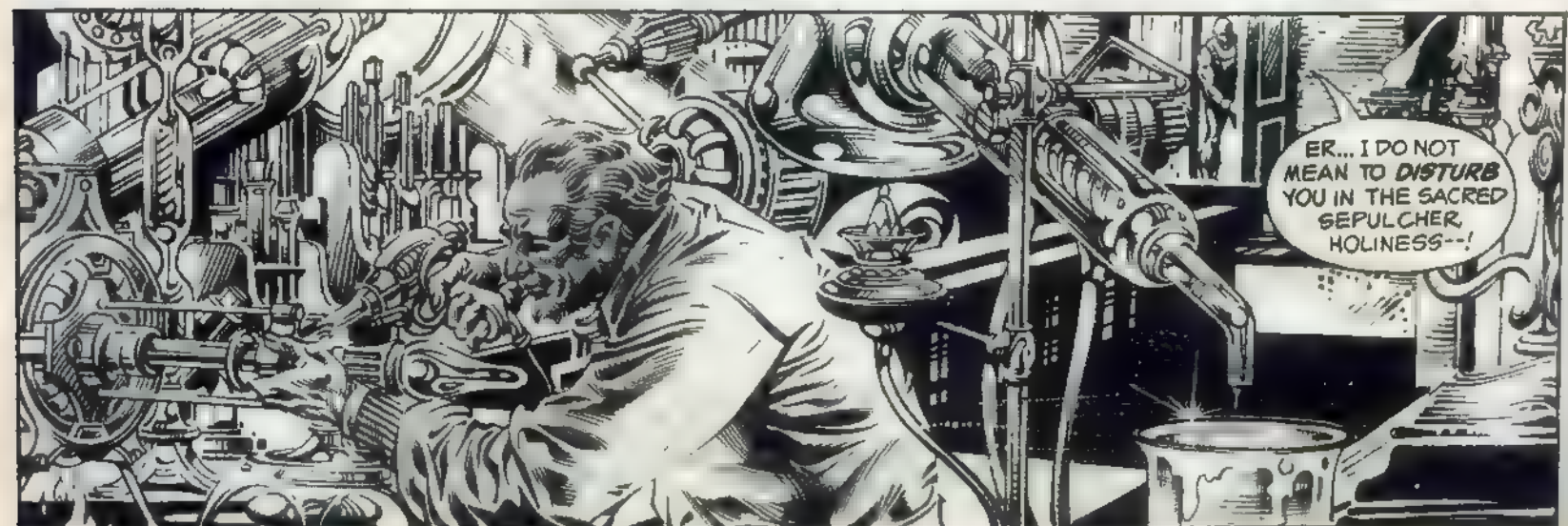
I'LL TELL BISHOP PIETY ABOUT THIS...!



HE AIN'T GONNA LIKE IT ONE BIT!

EMINENCE--!

IT IS I, YOUR GRACE.. FATHER LOVE!



ER... I DO NOT MEAN TO DISTURB YOU IN THE SACRED SEPULCHER, HOLINESS--!





WILL YOU KNOCK OFF  
WITH THAT BOGUS  
REVERENCE CRAP YA  
MOTHERGRABBIN'  
PINHEAD!

I HEARD THE  
SHOOTING! JUST GIVE  
ME THE BAD NEWS!

IT... IT'S BLOOD  
HADRIAN! HE... HE  
HAS ANGEL!



ANGEL...!? MY  
CHILD... IN THE  
HANDS OF THAT  
BARBARIAN!?

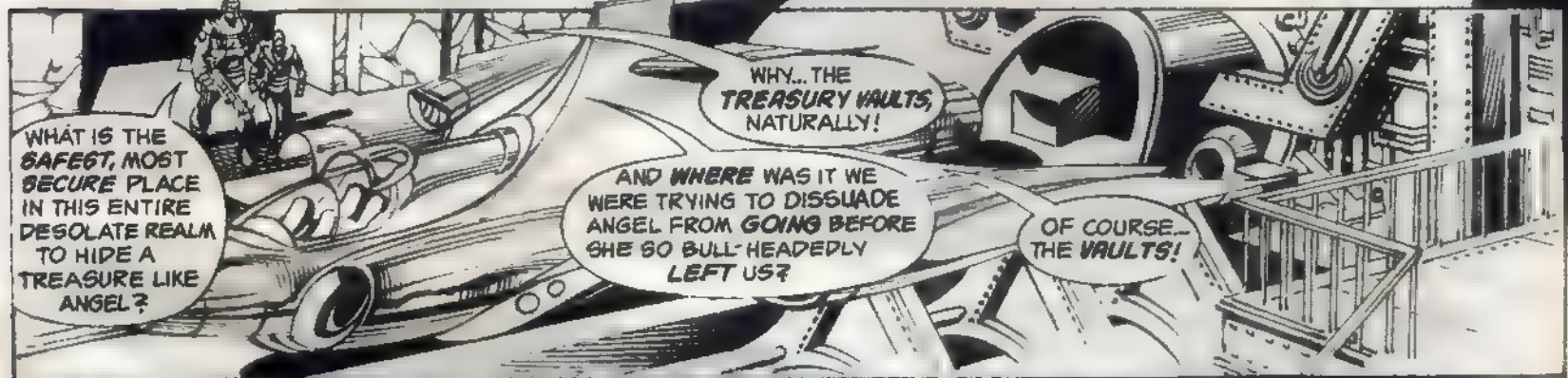
OH LORD,  
URIAH...! SHE'S  
AS GOOD AS  
DEAD!



IF SHE'S DEAD,  
SO IS THAT ASSWIPE  
BLOOD!

YOU...YOU KNOW  
HOW TO FIND HER?

I CAN GIVE IT A  
GOOD GUESS! GRAB  
THAT HOLY VAPORIZER,  
HADRIAN! I'LL TELL YA  
ON THE WAY!

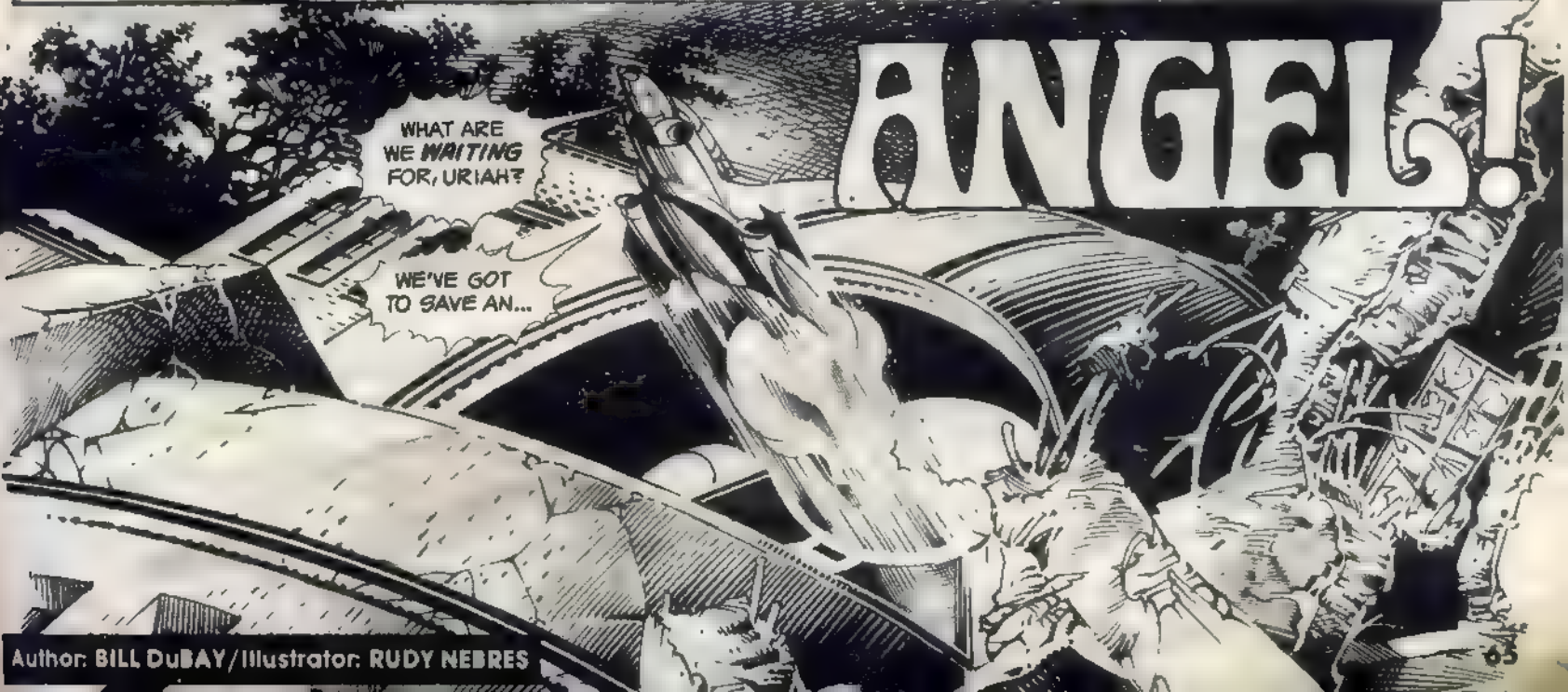


WHY... THE  
TREASURY VAULTS,  
NATURALLY!

AND WHERE WAS IT WE  
WERE TRYING TO DISSUADE  
ANGEL FROM GOING BEFORE  
SHE SO BULL-HEADEDLY  
LEFT US?

OF COURSE...  
THE VAULTS!

WHAT IS THE  
SAFE6T, MOST  
SECURE PLACE  
IN THIS ENTIRE  
DESOLATE REALM  
TO HIDE A  
TREASURE LIKE  
ANGEL?



# ANGEL!

WHAT ARE  
WE WAITING  
FOR, URIAH?

WE'VE GOT  
TO SAVE AN...



OH LORD, URIAH...!  
WHAT IF WE'RE TOO  
LATE?

DON'T EVEN THINK  
IT, HADRIAN...! THAT GIRL  
...SHE'S LIKE OUR OWN  
DAUGHTER!

IT SEEMS LIKE ONLY  
YESTERDAY SHE CAME  
TO US. CAN YOU BELIEVE,  
OLD FRIEND IT'S BEEN  
TWO DECADES!?

TWENTY YEARS SINCE  
THEY DESTROYED THE WHOLE  
BALLBUSTING WORLD! OH,  
HADRIAN... HOW CAN THIS NIGHT  
MARE HAVE LASTED SO  
LONG?

I STILL REMEMBER THAT NIGHT. IT WAS JUNE, 1944.  
THE WORLD WAS **CRUMBLING**! NATIONS WERE CRY-  
ING OUT FOR MORE **ROOM**... TO **HOUSE** THEIR  
MASSSES! FOR MORE **FOOD** TO **FEED** THEIR  
HUNGRY! PEOPLE WERE **RIOTING** GOVERNMENTS  
WERE **TOPPLING**!

THERE WAS ONLY **ONE** SOLUTION TO THE RAMPANT  
PROBLEMS THAT GREW STEADILY! EVERYONE  
KNEW IT, THE NEWSPAPERS... THE MEDIA RAN DAILY  
FEATURES ON THE **BLESSINGS** AND **BENEFITS** OF  
ALL-OUT **GENOCIDE**!

WE WERE A SIMPLE SEMINARY IN THOSE DAYS.  
A SMALL ISOLATED **COMMUNE** DEVOTED TO **GOD**.  
YET, THE TROUBLES OF THE OUTER WORLD TOUCHED  
EVEN HERE!

I WENT TO THE DOOR AND  
I'LL NEVER FORGET THE  
**TERROR** IN THE EYES OF  
THE WOMAN WHO THRUST  
THE INFANT INTO MY ARMS.

PLEASE, FATHER...!  
WATCH OVER HER! NO  
MATTER... **WHAT**  
HAPPENS!

SHE WAS GONE  
BEFORE I COULD PROTEST!  
AND I WAS LEFT WITH A  
CHILD AS **HELPLESS**... AS  
**CONFUSED** AS MYSELF!

WAAAA!

THAT'S A  
BABY!

AT OUR  
DOOR?

NOW WHAT  
WOULD A BABY  
BE WANTING AT  
THIS TIME OF  
NIGHT?

WE NEVER KNEW HER **REAL** NAME, SO WE CALLED  
THE BABY **ANGEL**! THE SISTERS SHOWERED HER  
WITH LOVE. BUT LOVE **ALONE** COULD NOT PRO-  
TECT HER FROM THE HORRORS OF A WORLD  
INSANE WITH NEED!

OH MY GOD!  
MISSLES!

RUN!

EVERYONE TO  
THE **SHELTERS**! IT...  
IT'S STARTED!

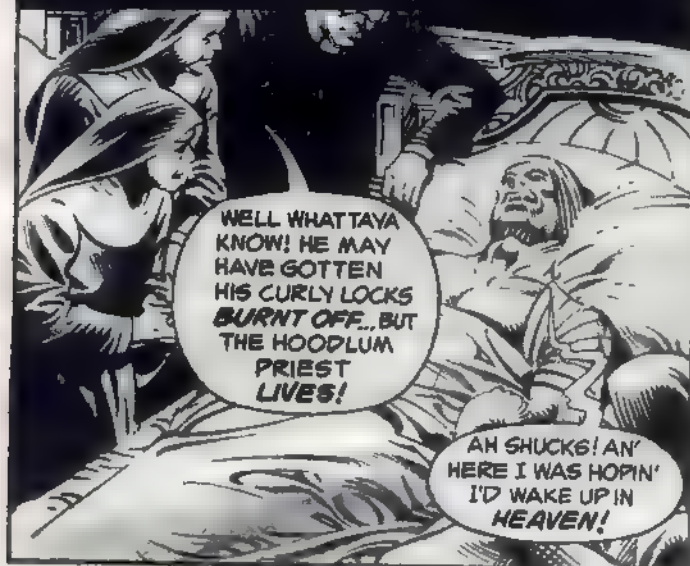
JUDGEMENT  
DAY...





I WAS ONLY ONE OF THE **MANY** TO CATCH THE SHOCK-WAVES OF THOSE FIRST TERRIBLE BLASTS. BROTHERS... SISTERS I HAD LOVED WERE RIPPED TO **PIECES** AROUND ME! I TRIED TO SHELTER THE **CHILD**... BUT I KNEW MY MEAGER FORM WAS POOR PROTECTION AGAINST THE INTENSE NUCLEAR **BARRAGE**!

I FELT MYSELF **DYING**... AND I KNEW I WAS TAKING THE BABY WITH ME!



WELL WHATTAYA KNOW! HE MAY HAVE GOTTEN HIS CURLY LOCKS **BURNT OFF**... BUT THE HOODLUM PRIEST **LIVES**!

AH SHUCKS! AN' HERE I WAS HOPIN' I'D WAKE UP IN **HEAVEN**!



AND WHO SAYS THIS **ISN'T** HEAVEN, FATHER? **LOOK**... WE'VE EVEN GOT OUR OWN RESIDENT **ANGEL**!

OH LORD! SHE... SHE'S!

THANKS TO YOU, YOU SKIN-HEADED LUG, SHE'S **FINE**!

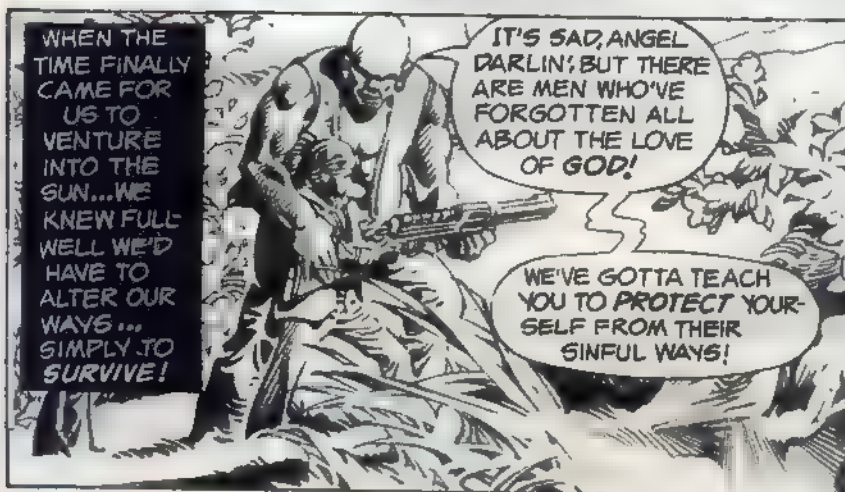


ANGEL CAKES... YOU'RE ENOUGH TO MAKE A GROWN MAN **CRY**!



**BILLIONS** DIED IN THE TERRIBLE MAN-MADE FIRE-STORMS THAT BATTERED THE WORLD. RACIAL GENOCIDE NEARLY BECAME ALL-OUT **SUICIDE**. FEW OF US SURVIVED, BUT WHILE THE AFTERMATH OF ARMAGEDDON RAGED WITHOUT, WE DUTIFULLY SET TO CREATING A **NEW LIFE** WITHIN THE CONFINES OF OUR WALLS!

WHILE WHAT REMAINED OF THE WORLD SUCCUMBED TO **SAVAGERY**, WE LIVED FOR **YEARS** IN OUR UNDERGROUND CATACOMBS, WAITING FOR THE DEADLY RADIATIONS TO **DISPERSE**! YEARS... WHERE WE WATCHED OUR **CHILD** GROW INTO A **LITTLE GIRL** WITH A MIND HUNGRY FOR KNOWLEDGE!



WHEN THE TIME FINALLY CAME FOR US TO VENTURE INTO THE SUN... WE KNEW FULL WELL WE'D HAVE TO ALTER OUR WAYS... SIMPLY TO **SURVIVE**!

IT'S SAD, ANGEL DARLIN', BUT THERE ARE MEN WHO'VE FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT THE LOVE OF **GOD**!

WE'VE GOTTA TEACH YOU TO **PROTECT** YOURSELF FROM THEIR SINFUL WAYS!



HA! HA! HA! HA! EVEN IF IT MEANS INCURIN' THE WRATH OF AN M-18 WITH THE KICK OF A **MULE**!



YEAH... THAT CHILD GREW UP WITH **SPUNK!** I STILL REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME I WAS '**PERSUADED**' INTO TAKING HER ALONG TO THE TRADE-MARKET



YA  
BUGGERING,  
DOG-LICKING  
DOUCH BAG!  
WHATTAYA  
MEAN I'M TOO  
FRAIL T'GO  
WITH YA?

EVEN THEN ANGEL  
COULD BE MOST  
**PERSUASIVE!** SHE  
WORMED HER WAY  
INTO OUR HEARTS  
AND WRAPPED US  
ALL AROUND HER  
FORMIDABLE  
LITTLE FINGERS.



BE GENTLE  
WITH THE MERCHANTS,  
DEAR! REMEMBER,  
THEY'RE ONLY MEN!

IT SEEMED THE WORLD WAS JUST  
CREEPING OUT OF THE **SLUDGE**  
**PITS** IN THOSE DAYS...! WHAT FEW  
REMAINED OF THAT GOOD-HEARTED  
PORTION OF HUMANITY STRIVED TO  
WORK TOGETHER...TO **REBUILD** A  
WORKABLE SOCIETY!



LISTEN, POPS...! THESE  
GOLD CANDLE STICKS ARE  
WORTH TWICE WHAT YOU'RE  
ASKIN' FOR THAT WAGON  
LOAD'A ROTTIN'  
FRUIT!

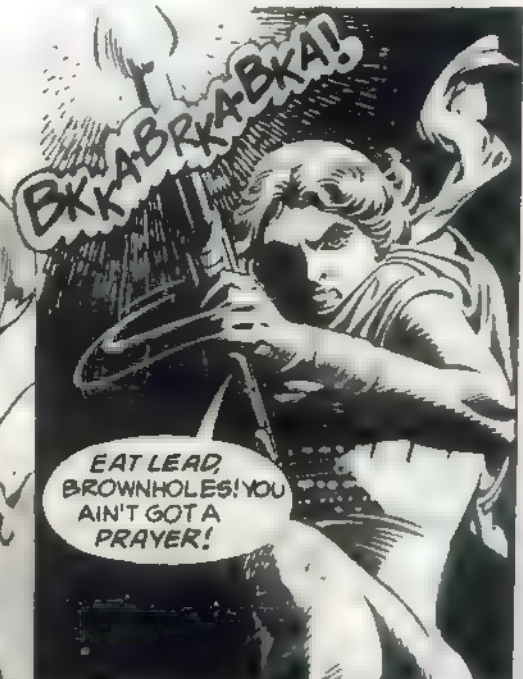
PERHAPS THEY WERE  
ONCE, MY FRIEND... BUT  
THE GOLD STANDARD IS...  
ER... SOMEWHAT PASSE,  
WOULDN'T YOU SAY?

YOU'LL TAKE THE  
OFFER, CLIT LIPS...OR  
I'LL WRING YER CHICKEN  
NECK!

THERE WERE THOSE, TOO, WHO WERE PRONE TO TAKE **ADVANTAGE** OF  
THE TUMULTUOUS TIMES...!




WATCHOUT,  
ANGEL! IT'S A  
RAID!



BKKABRKA-BKAT!

EAT LEAD,  
BROWNHOLES! YOU  
AIN'T GOT A  
PRAYER!







UP TO THAT MOMENT, ANGEL  
WAS OUR *BABY*...! A CHILD  
WHO FOUGHT AT MY SIDE  
WITH THE FEROCITY OF A  
*SAVAGE BEAST*!

KCHUG!

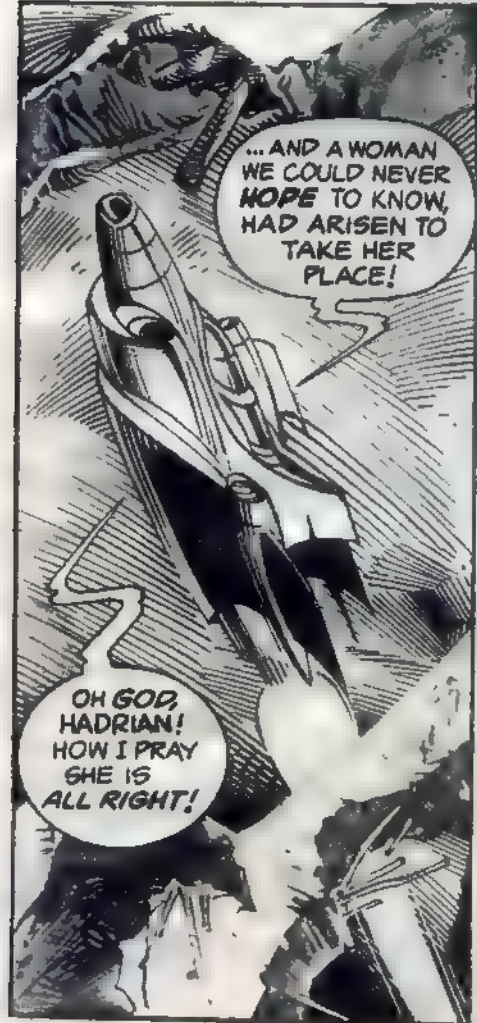
AGHHH!




SHE EMERGED NOT  
ONLY *VICTORIOUS*...  
BUT A FULL-BLOWN  
*WOMAN*!



I WAS SO PROUD OF HER, I COULD  
HAVE CRIED! BUT I KNEW... THE  
LITTLE GIRL WE HAD KNOWN AND  
GIVEN SO MUCH LOVE, WAS *LOST*  
TO US FOREVER...



...AND A WOMAN  
WE COULD NEVER  
*HOPE* TO KNOW,  
HAD ARISEN TO  
TAKE HER  
PLACE!



YOU CHECKED  
OUR *HOSTAGE*  
LATELY, WOLFE?

SHIT, SAXON!  
SHE'S IN *CHAINS*  
TWO INCHES THICK!  
SHE AIN'T GOIN'  
*NOWHERE*!

IF *BLOOD* WANTS  
SOMEONE WATCHIN'  
HER EVERY MOVE...HE  
CAN DO IT HIMSELF!

OH GOD,  
HADRIAN!  
HOW I PRAY  
SHE IS  
ALL RIGHT!

I'D RATHER SPEND  
MY TIME COUNTIN'  
OUR *ASSETS*!





LORDY! LOOK AT IT ALL! DIDJA EVER DREAM SO MUCH WEALTH EXISTED?

LOTTA GOOD IT DOES US! FIRST OF ALL...IT'S WORTHLESS! AND SECONDLY...IT BELONGS TO BLOOD! HE'S THE ONE WHO FOUND IT IN THIS OLD CITY TREASURY!

AND HE'S THE ONE HOARDIN' IT UNTIL THE DAY IT BECOMES WORTH SOMETHING!

FOR ALL IT MEANS TO US, IT MIGHT AS WELL BE A DEHYDRATED DUNG HEAP!



SOMEDAY... WHEN THE WORLD GETS BACK TOGETHER...

...I'M GONNA TAKE ALL THIS AWAY FROM THAT WORM! HA! HA! HA! HA!

YOU SHOULD LIVE SO LONG!



SAXON! WATCH OUT! THE LION-MUTE--!

BLOOD PUT IT THERE TO PROTECT HIS HOARD, REMEMBER--!?

AW, SCREW BLOOD!



YOU KEEP TAKIN' BATHS IN HIS GOLD, THAT DAMN THING'S GONNA EAT YOU SURE!

C'MON...! LET'S GET OUTTA HERE AN CHECK ON SWEETCAKES!



RIGHT THIS WAY, YA CHICKEN-BAGGIN' FAGGOTS! MY CHAINS ARE LOOSE AND WAITING FOR YOU!



JEEZUS,  
WOLFE...! SHE...  
SHE'S FREE!

MY, MY! AIN'T  
HE A SHARP ONE  
TODAY!

BOUNCE THIS  
OFF YER PEARLY  
WHITES, RUBBER  
BALLS!

URRK!

THWPPPT!

NOW YOU JUST  
LAY THERE LIKE A  
GOOD LITTLE GIRL  
WHILE I SMEAR OL'  
JIZZUM LIPS HERE ALL  
OVER THE WALLS!

WAY I SEE IT,  
SPURT BAG... DOGS  
SHOULD BE  
CHAINED BEFORE  
BEIN' WHIPPED!


AGHHHH!

THWAK!

OOMPH!

SEE! I DIDN'T  
KEEP YOU WAITIN'  
LONG NOW,  
DID I!?






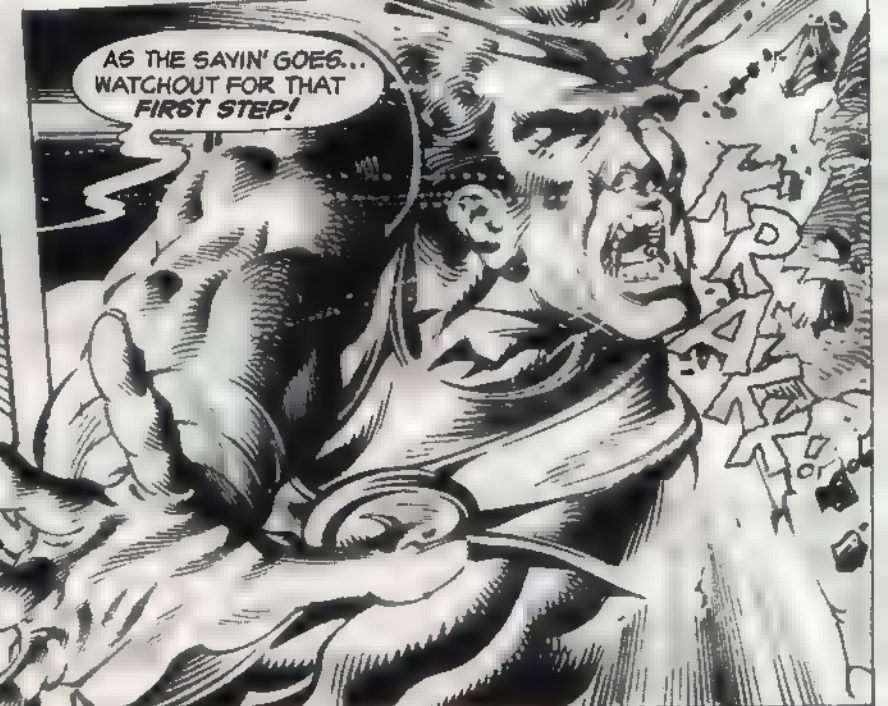
NOW IF I CAN ONLY GET  
**OUT** OF HERE WITHOUT  
RUNNING INTO THAT LIMP-  
WAD, BLOOD!

UH OH! SPEAK  
OF THE VERMIN-!


YOU'RE NOT LEAVING  
US, ARE YOU BABYCAKE?




'PEARS TO  
ME YOU'RE  
THE ONE'S  
TAKIN' THE  
TRIP, NUMB  
NUTS!




AS THE SAYIN' GOES...  
WATCHOUT FOR THAT  
**FIRST STEP!**



I SWEAR...THEY  
JUST AIN'T MAKING  
SKULLS THE WAY  
THEY USED TO!



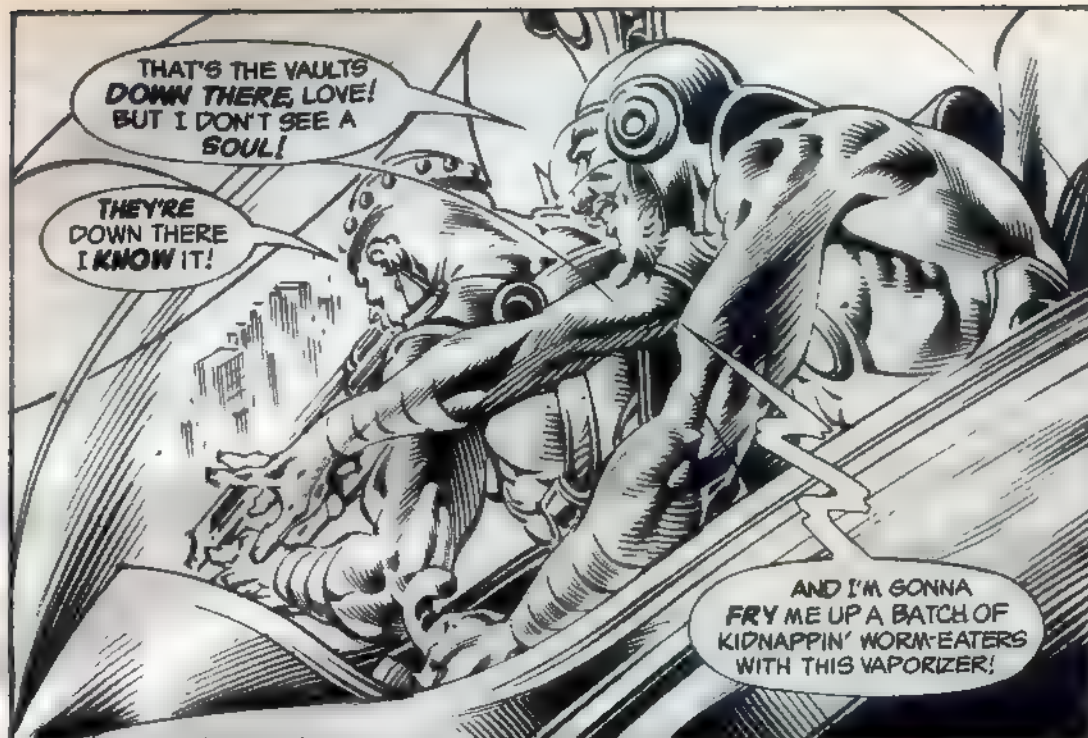
NOW... WHICH WAY  
OUT OF--! HEY!! WHAT'S  
THIS?



WELL I'LL BE--! IT'S  
THE **TREASURE ROOM**  
I CAME HERE TO FIND...  
JUST FILLED TO THE  
BRIM WITH USELESS  
**WEALTH!**

WHAT THE COMMUNE  
COULDN'T DO WITH **THIS**...  
IN ANOTHER THIRTY  
OR FORTY YEARS...!





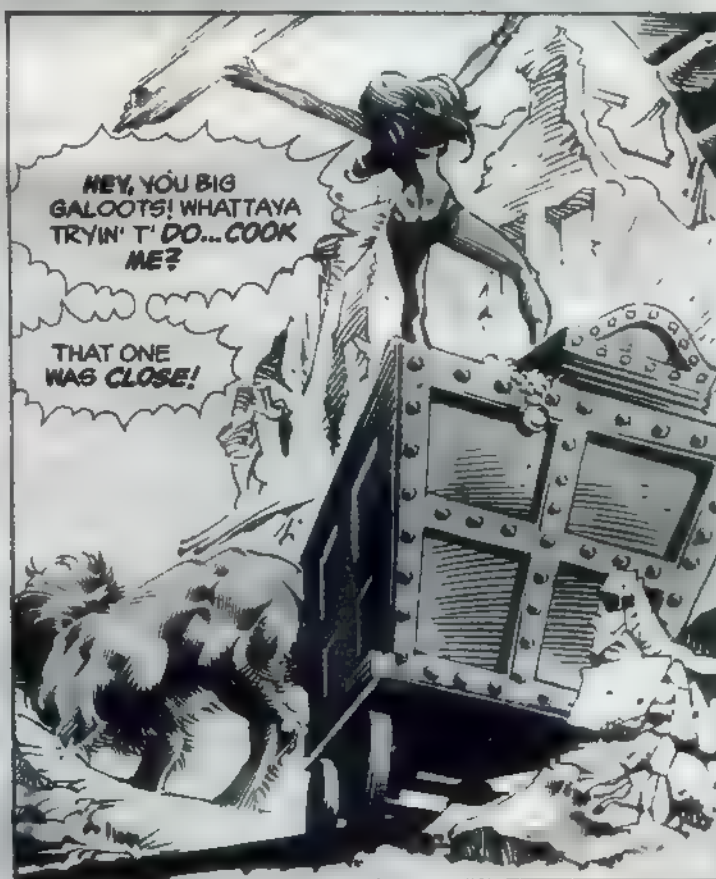
THAT'S THE VAULTS  
DOWN THERE, LOVE!  
BUT I DON'T SEE A  
SOUL!

THEY'RE  
DOWN THERE  
I KNOW IT!

AND I'M GONNA  
FRY ME UP A BATCH OF  
KIDNAPPIN' WORM-EATERS  
WITH THIS VAPORIZER!

LET'S SEE YA  
DODGE THIS,  
YA MOTHER  
GRABBIN'  
SYCOPHANTS!

**BDWAM!**



HEY, YOU BIG  
GALLOOTS! WHATTAYA  
TRYIN' T' DO... COOK  
ME?

THAT ONE  
WAS CLOSE!



HADRIAN!  
LOOK! IT'S  
ANGEL!

SHE'S  
SAFE!




WE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN!  
IF THEY HAD ANYTHING LESS  
THAN AN ARMY... THERE'S NO  
WAY THEY COULD HAVE  
HELD HER!

WHAT TOOK YA SO  
LONG, SHORT HAIRS?

THE WAR'S BEEN  
OVER FOR AN HOUR...  
AND HAVE I GOT A  
SURPRISE FOR YOU!






DON'T TELL ME...  
YOU'VE FOUND A PET  
FOR THE NUNS!

NO, SILLY! HE'S JUST  
A BIG LOVEABLE TEDDY  
BEAR I MET DOWN IN  
THE VAULTS! HE'S SIMPLY  
CRYING OUT FOR  
AFFECTION!

YOUR GIFT IS THE  
MOST FABULOUS CACHE  
OF GOLD, JEWELS AND  
DECADENT WEALTH  
YOU'VE EVER SET  
EYES ON!

AND EVEN IF IT'S  
WORTH NOTHING NOW...!  
WHY IN ANOTHER HALF  
CENTURY OR SO...WHO  
KNOWS!?

WE MIGHT  
EVEN BE ABLE  
TO AFFORD SILK  
STOCKINGS FOR  
THE SISTERS...  
REAL JOCKEY  
SHORTS FOR OUR  
PRIESTS...AND MAY-  
BE...JUST MAYBE  
THERE'LL BE ENOUGH  
LEFT OVER TO BUY  
THAT LASER  
CANNON WE'VE  
ALWAYS WANTED!



ANGEL... I JUST DON'T KNOW  
ABOUT YOU! YOU RISK YOUR LIFE  
FOR WORTHLESS TREASURES...  
YOUR VOCABULARY WOULD MAKE  
A BROOKLYN SAILOR BLUSH...  
AND YOUR DRESS--!

LORD! I'VE  
SEEN MORE CLOTHING  
IN A NUDIST CAMP!

YES, ISN'T IT,  
GRAND, FATHER!?

AND TO THINK  
I OWE IT ALL TO MY  
UPBRINGING--!

WHY, IF NOT FOR THE  
BOTH OF YOU...WHO KNOWS  
HOW I WOULD HAVE TURNED  
OUT! HA! HA! HA!

**NEXT ISSUE: MORE EXCITING ADVENTURES WITH THE ANGEL!**



IT WAS ONE OF THOSE PORTS IN THE SPACEWAYS THAT THE LAW HADN'T QUITE GOTTEN AROUND TO YET. IT WAS CALLED **NEW SHANGHAI!** AND ANYTHING COULD BE BOUGHT THERE! **ANYTHING!**

HI, BIG FELLOW. GOT A LIGHT?

**SURE!** IF THAT'S ALL IT'LL COST ME TO ENJOY THE PLEASURE OF YOUR COMPANY!

I'M A BIT MORE EXPENSIVE THAN THAT, BUT NOT BY MUCH. WANNA GO TO MY PLACE?

SOUNDS GOOD. I CAN **USE** A PLACE TO CRASH.

ALMOST FORGOT. MY NAME IS **COLE STEEL**. I'M LOOKING FOR A WOMAN CALLED **MAISY**. KNOW HER?

HUH? UH... GEE. **MAISY**. HUH? I... I'LL ASK 'ROUND! I... I JUST DON'T **KNOW!**

M-MAYBE WE BETTER JUST **FORGET** IT, HUH!

**MOMMA,  
CAN YOU  
HEAR  
ME?**





WHAT'S THE  
MATTER, LOVER?  
MY **TIN FACE**  
BOTHER YOU?  
DOES IT MAKE  
YOUR **STOMACH**  
SHRIVEL? YOUR  
SKIN CRAWL?

MY RIGHT LEG'S  
MECHANICAL TOO!  
AND WAIT'LL  
YOU SEE MY  
**SAUSAGE!**

LOOK, MISTER,  
I DIDN'T MEAN  
NO OFFENCE.

I WASN'T **ALWAYS**  
LIKE THIS. WHEN  
I WAS YOUNG... I WAS  
A **WHOLE MAN!**

OH GOD!  
HERE IT COMES.  
THE STORY OF  
HIS LIFE!

MY FATHER WAS  
KILLED ONE NIGHT  
WHEN HE GOT DRUNK  
AND DECIDED TO  
TAKE A SUN BATH  
IN AN **ATOMIC**  
**FURNACE**. THEY  
SAID HE WAS SO  
RADIOACTIVE THEY  
USED HIS CHARRED  
BODY TO POWER A  
BRICK-MAKING  
FACTORY FOR TEN  
YEARS.

BECAUSE MY MOTHER  
WAS POOR, SHE SOLD  
ME TO THE  
KASOOLIAN AS A  
**SLAVE**.

I KNOW THIS  
IS A BAD TIME TO  
TELL YOU, COLE...  
BUT YOU'RE  
ADOPTED. YOUR  
REAL MOTHER'S  
NAME IS  
**MAISY!**

DOES THAT  
MEAN YOU WON'T  
BE COMING  
**BACK**  
FOR ME?

WHILE DIGGING IN THE  
MINES, I BEGAN TO **FANTASIZE**  
ABOUT MY REAL MOTHER.  
SOMETIMES I IMAGINED SHE  
WAS A **GYPSY QUEEN**. OTHER  
TIMES I THOUGHT OF HER  
AS THE FERTILITY GODDESS  
OF A SMALL PLANET.

I WORKED IN  
THE KAGOOLIAN  
SULPHUR MINES  
FOR TEN  
YEARS AFTER  
THAT! A FEMALE  
KAGOOLIAN... THE  
WIFE OF A MINE  
INSPECTOR, WAS  
MY TICKET OUT!  
SHE TOOK PITY  
ON ME, AND  
BOUGHT ME AS  
HER PERSONAL  
**PET!**

RANGU... CAN'T  
I HAVE  
THAT ONE?

OH, ALRIGHT!  
BUT IF HE MESSES  
UP THE FURNITURE,  
**BACK HE GOES!**



I MUST NEVER FORGET MY MOTHER'S NAME, MAISY. SOMEDAY I'LL FIND HER!

RANGU WANTED ME TO HAVE YOU FIXED! BUT THAT'S NOT NECESSARY... IS IT?

FOR A COLD-BLOODED BLOB SHE'S NOT HALF BAD. I DIG THOSE TITS.

I WONDER IF HE STILL RESPECTS ME?

I WAS HIGHLY GRATEFUL FOR MY MISTRESS'S KINDNESS UNTIL I DISCOVERED THE REAL MOTIVE BEHIND HER ACTIONS!

OUR AFFAIR WENT ON FOR A LITTLE OVER A YEAR. THEN ONE DAY... HER HUSBAND CAUGHT US!

RANGU! HOW DID YOU KNOW?

I CALLED THE VET WHEN I WAS NEVER BILLED FOR HIS OPERATION!

YOU'VE BOTH DECEIVED ME, GORINA! I'M GOING TO HAVE ONE OF YOUR TAILS CUT OFF! AS FOR YOUR 'PET'...

OFF WITH HIS BAJONG!

TH... THEN IT'S TRUE! THAT'S ARTIFICIAL TOO! WILLIKERS!

IT WOULD HAVE BEEN! BUT KAGOOOLIAN REPRODUCTIVE ORGANS ARE IN THE APPROXIMATE VICINITY OF OUR LEFT HAND! RANGU ASSUMED HUMANS WERE ARRANGED THE SAMEWAY.

THEN... THEN HOW DID YOU LOSE IT?

'I WAS TOSSED OUT OF RANGU'S HOUSE AND WENT BACK TO WORK IN THE MINES...!'

BUT BY THAT TIME, I'D HAD MY FILL OF THOSE STINKING HELL HOLES! I WANTED MY MOTHER!

THIS'S FOR YOU, YA REPTILLIAN SLIMEBALL!







I HAD MYSELF  
FITTED WITH  
MECHANICAL  
PARTS, AND  
CONTINUED MY  
SEARCH FOR MOM!

THREE HUNDRED  
ON THE RED.

SORRY!  
YOU'RE OVER  
HOUSE LIMITS,  
SIR.

I MADE THE MISTAKE,  
HOWEVER OF STOPPING AT  
THE CASINO WORLD,  
VEGAS II, FOR A LITTLE  
RELAXATION...

THE UGLIEST CREATURE I'VE  
EVER SEEN AMBLED OVER TO  
THE TABLE AND NODDED TO  
THE DEALER.

PLACE THE  
GENTLEMAN'S  
BET, JERRY.

WHATEVER YOU  
SAY, BOSSMAN!

RED IS  
THE WINNER.

AGAIN!

THAT'S QUITE A  
TIDY SUM OF LOOT  
YOU HAVE THERE,  
FRIEND.

ABOUT EIGHT  
MIL, I'D SAY! I'M  
GOING TO BUY A  
TICKET TO  
NEW SHANGHAI  
AND SEARCH FOR MY  
MOTHER.

AW, DID  
SONNY LOSE  
HIS MOMMY?  
HA! HA! HA!  
HA!

GET THAT! A  
MOMMA'S BOY!  
OH! HO! HO! HE!  
HOO! HOO! HOO!

QUIET,  
YOU FOOLS!

HOW KIND OF YOU,  
MR. BOSSMAN!

SO YOU'RE LOOKING FOR  
MOM, HUH, SON...! THAT'S  
QUITE A NOBLE  
GESTURE! IT TRULY  
TOUCHES MY LARCENOUS  
HEART.

IF YOU WOULD NOT  
OBJECT, I'D LIKE TO HAVE  
A GIFT SENT TO YOUR  
ROOM.

THANKS FOR  
THE  
WARNING!

I'LL TAKE  
THE SATCHEL,  
PIGMEAT!

THAT'S GOING  
TO BE DIFFICULT  
WITH A HOLE  
BURNED THROUGH  
YOUR ASS!

BE WARY OF THIEVES,  
MY FRIEND. THE PLANET  
IS INFESTED WITH THEM.

MY CAR WAS  
WAITING  
NEARBY, BUT  
SOMEONE  
WAS THERE...  
READY  
FOR ME!





YAGH!

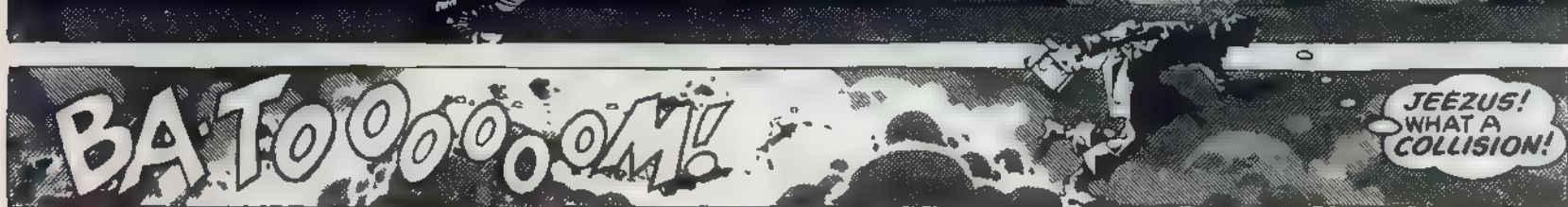
THOSE LIGHTS--!  
A CAR'S ABOUT  
T' RUN ME DOWN!

UNLESS I  
PUT MY OWN  
VEHICLE ON  
AUTOMATIC...

...AND GET  
HIM FIRST!

THERE!

ROOOOM!



JEEZUS!  
WHAT A  
COLLISION!



NO DOUBT  
ABOUT IT...  
SOMEONE'S OUT  
TO FRY MY  
SWEET MEAT!

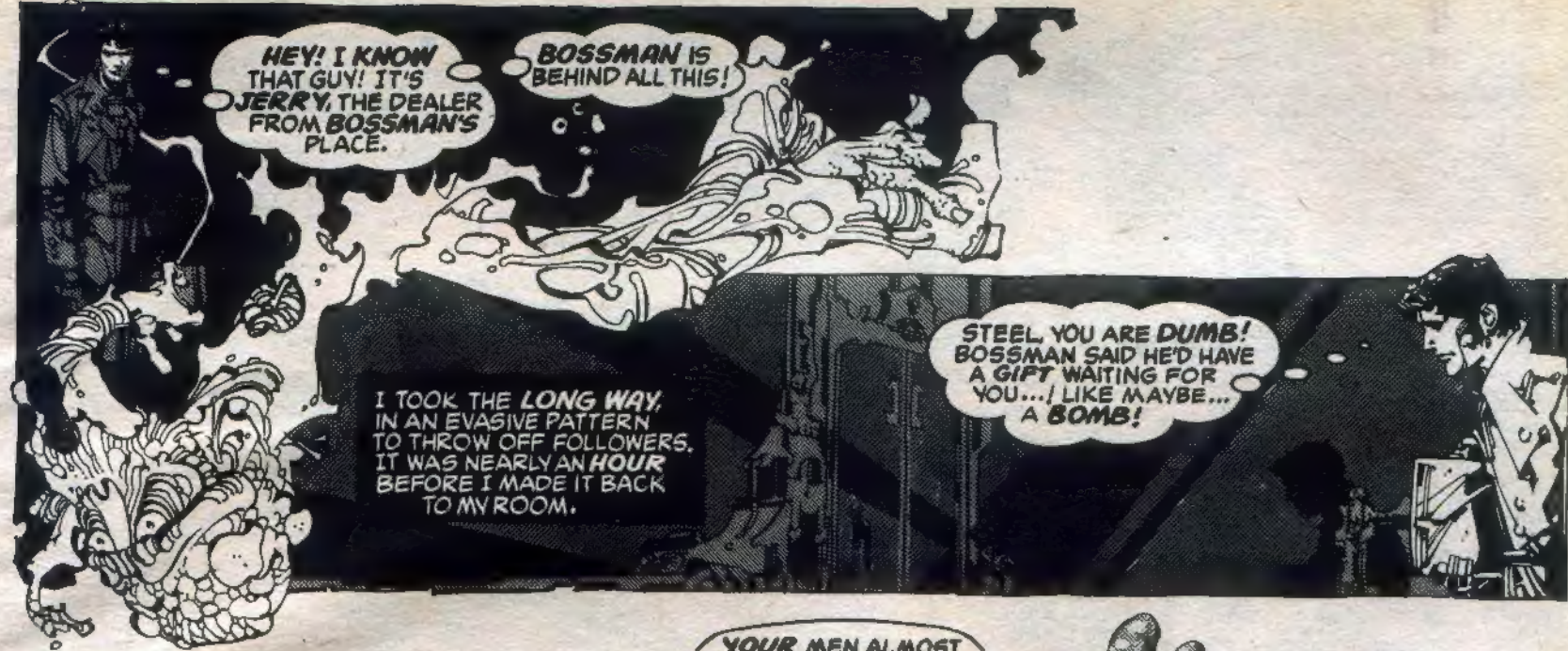
IF ONLY I CAN  
MAKE IT TO MY  
ROOM WITHOUT  
BEING  
CHAR-BROILED.

HOLD IT, YOU.  
STOP!

I TOLD YOU  
TO... AUGH.

NO, YOU  
DON'T,  
POPCORN!





HEY! I KNOW  
THAT GUY! IT'S  
JERRY, THE DEALER  
FROM BOSSMAN'S  
PLACE.

BOSSMAN IS  
BEHIND ALL THIS!

I TOOK THE LONG WAY,  
IN AN EVASIVE PATTERN  
TO THROW OFF FOLLOWERS.  
IT WAS NEARLY AN HOUR  
BEFORE I MADE IT BACK  
TO MY ROOM.

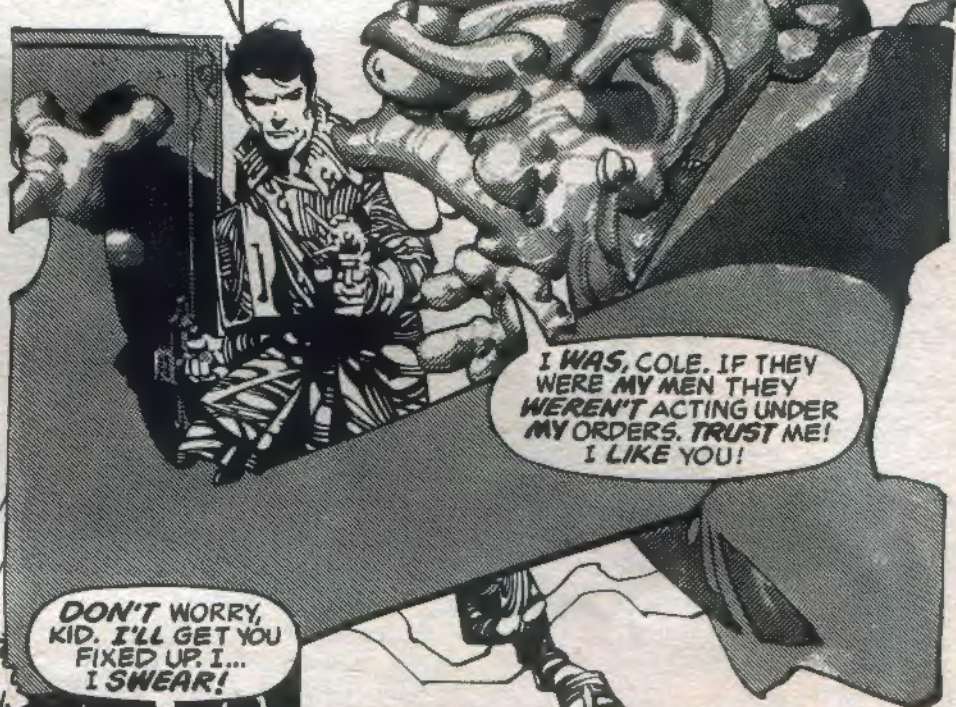
STEEL, YOU ARE DUMB!  
BOSSMAN SAID HE'D HAVE  
A GIFT WAITING FOR  
YOU.../ LIKE MAYBE...  
A BOMB!



I'LL JUST SLIP  
OUT THE REAR  
EXIT...!

COLE! DON'T! THEY'RE  
WAITING FOR YOU OUT  
THERE! GO TO YOUR ROOM  
AND LET MY MEN TAKE  
CARE OF THEM!

YOUR MEN ALMOST  
TOOK CARE OF ME...  
THREE TIMES! TO  
THINK YOU SOUNDED  
SO SINCERE BACK  
IN THE CASINO,  
BOSSMAN!



I WAS, COLE. IF THEY  
WERE MY MEN THEY  
WEREN'T ACTING UNDER  
MY ORDERS. TRUST ME!  
I LIKE YOU!



TRUST YOU?  
LIKE HELL  
I W---!

I... AIN'T...  
NEVER GONNA  
SEE... HER... NOW.  
NEVER!

DON'T WORRY,  
KID. I'LL GET YOU  
FIXED UP. I...  
I SWEAR!



WAS IT WORTH IT,  
STEEL? YOU LOST  
HALF YOUR BODY...  
JUST TO SEE A  
WOMAN YOU DON'T  
EVEN REMEMBER!

YEAH! AND I KNOW  
SHE'LL HATE ME... BE  
REPULSED BY ME!  
WHEN WE FINALLY DO  
MEET.

BUT I'LL MAKE  
HER LOVE ME!  
I KNOW I CAN!



I... CAN TELL YOU WHERE MAISY IS, STEEL! I... I WANT YOU TO GO TO HER... JUST SO YOU'LL STOP SEARCHING!

YOU... YOU KNOW? TELL ME! WHERE CAN I FIND HER?

SHE SAID I'D FIND MAISY HERE!

THIS... THIS IS THE PLACE!? SHIT! AFTER ALL THIS TIME... I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT!

YOU WANNA SEE MAISY? WHAT FOR?

FOR TWENTY YEARS, MILLIONS OF MILES! AND THE LOSS OF BODY AND SOUL!

ALRIGHT! ALRIGHT! KEEP COOL, HOTSHOT!

THAT'S MAISY!

HER NAME STANDS FOR MACHINE FOR ARTIFICIAL INSEMINATION OF SCREAMIN' YOUNGUNS!

MOM?

I WANT TO SEE HER NOW!

AS I SCANNED THE GREAT IMPERSONAL MACHINE, I HAD TO LAUGH AT THE COSMIC JOKE THAT HAD BEEN PLAYED ON ME. A GAG ON ALL OF MY EMBRYONIC BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

I RECALLED HOW I ONCE HEARD ABOUT A STUFFED DOLL BEING SUBSTITUTED FOR A MONKEY'S MOTHER! THE INNOCENT CHIMP CUDDLED UP WITH IT AS IF IT HAD BEEN HIS TRUE MOTHER. HOW MUCH HE NEEDED A MOTHER'S LOVE.

IN A WAY, SCIENCE, TOO, HAD MADE A MONKEY OF ME!

ARE YOU SORRY, STEEL?

JUST HALF OF ME, DORA.

THE HUMAN HALF.



# Survive the intellectual holocaust!

The day  
they control  
your thoughts is here!

Escape to the only sane universe remaining:  
soar with us...into the farthest reaches of your mind!

**DON'T MISS AN ISSUE! SUBSCRIBE TO TOMORROW'S MAGAZINE TODAY!**

Yes! I want to survive! I want to retain some semblance of sanity. Prepare me for the future! Keep me informed! Send me 1984.

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**Slither with us into the future!**  
**Experience more of the insanity yet-to-come!**

# 1984

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a dark, patterned dress and heavy chains, is falling from a large, spherical bomb. The bomb is suspended by a chain and has a large, glowing orange and yellow flame at its base. The background shows a cityscape with tall buildings and a cloudy sky. The woman has a look of shock and fear on her face.

**It's all here  
in the next  
explosive  
issue of**

# 1984

**At your favorite newsstand June 20th.**